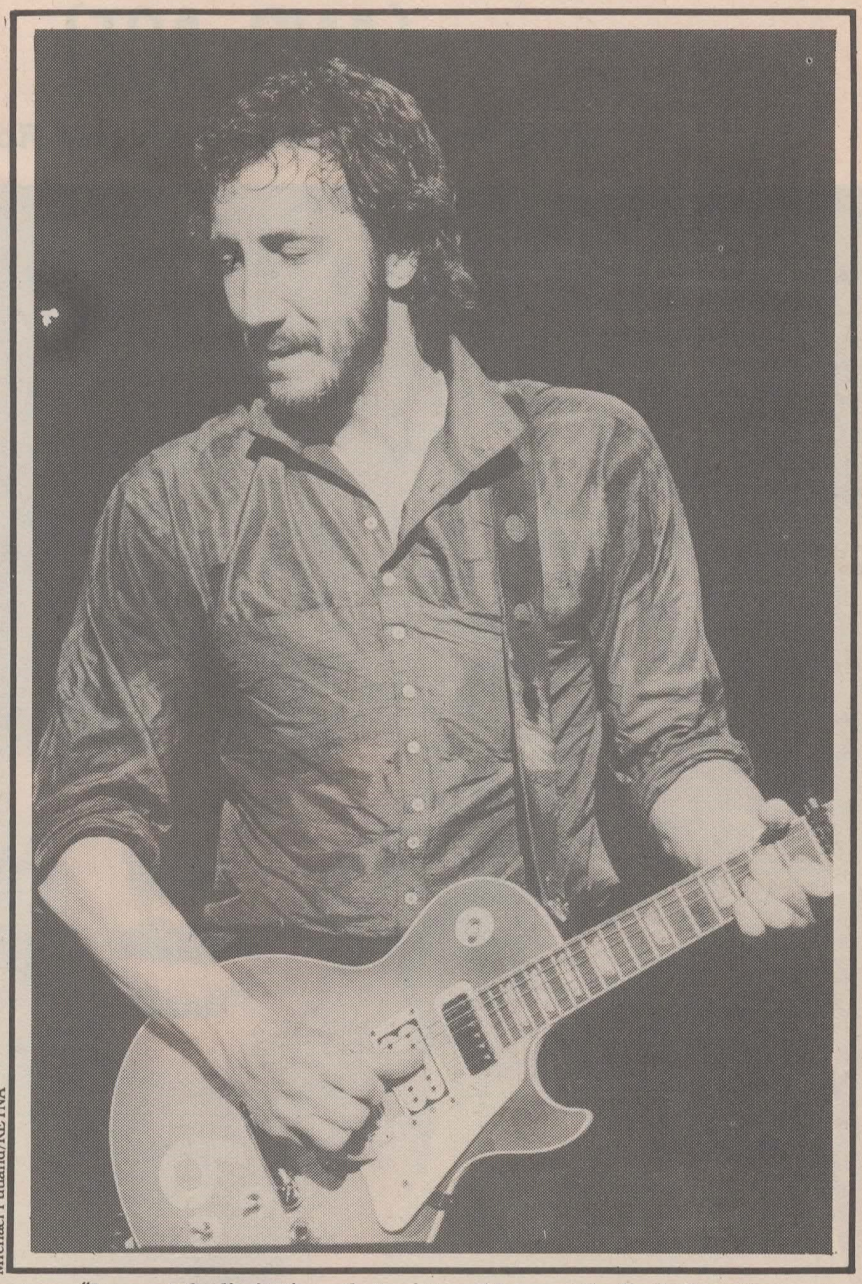
PETER TOWNSHEND

By Lisa Robinson — PART II

LR: Why do you think that in a country that has as much spirit as you've said America does, we still look to England for much of the best music?
PT: Well, I don't know. But it must be difficult to grow up in a Middle West town, to be surrounded by Middle Western people, Middle West ideas, and not have anywhere that you can easily relocate to where you can get yourself in perspective. And I think that's what's different about America. There's no place like London where you can just get yourself in perspective and a lot of people come to London from the States ... or they go to Paris, but that's more for artists and writers. The popular place for people to relocate now is Berlin, because it's such a wasteland in a sense, you know, the towering threat of Communist takeover, and that affects people around, and it's a good place to go to find out who you are. Whereas in the States, it's easy to get lost. It's an enormous place.
LR: You don't live in the city, do you?
PT: Not exactly, I work in the city. I come here every day. I do desire to live in the city, but at the moment, I couldn't. I don't want my kids to live in the city. My life is a little bit different, because where I am now, we get enough aggravation just by my being around, and I feel that threatens my kids enough. It's not a threat, it's an invasion, I want my kids to feel like they're them, not like they're a part of me. And I think they're better able to do it in the countryside than stuck in the middle. Where I just feel that if I was living in Chelsea, I'd be so tempted to being my lifestyle and people around me in more.

It would be great for me to live in London. I think I'd be happier, and I would be more fulfilled, but I don't necessarily think that is would be better for my family, and I care very much about balance.

LR: Did you really write "And I Moved" from your solo album for Bette Midler?
PT: Yeah, whether or not she heard it, I don't know. You know, I had an office in New York for awhile, what I was trying to do was shift songs, not just for me, but other people in my publishing company, and I got two commissions — one from Art Garfunkel's manager and one from somebody at Bette Midler's office. She's always liked my work, and I got a message that she needed a song for an album, and I wrote that. I sent the tape and I got a note back from my office saying that it had been rejected as a bit too weird, and the same for the song I sent to Art. I saw him recently, and he said he had never heard it.
LR: What is "And I Moved" about?
PT: I don't know, really.
LR: Why have you said that it was dirty?
PT: I wrote it about a girl in a room undressing and seeing someone looking into the window, and instead of covering up, doing the reverse, she sort of said, oh why should I cover up. Chris Thomas tried to get me to sing it 'And I moved, and I saw her looking through my window'. And I said this is ridiculous, women don't go around looking through people's windows, it's a male thing. And 'he laid me back like an empty dress', in a way that's a nice feeling, it doesn't matter whether it's a he or a she, being laid back like an empty dress is good anyway. Weirdly enough, it's been one of the songs that's been most widely interpreted. Some people feel it's a coming out gay song, other people think other things, and I think it's all good because I don't know what it's about. But I did hear it wasn't right for Bette Midler, too subtle.
LR: I also heard you say you'd like to do other people's material. Whose?
PT: I said that? Well, I'll do an album of Ray Davies songs. Ha-ha.
LR: What was it like working with Chris Thomas?
PT: It was good. I'm looking forward to the next stint. I've got two more albums to do under that deal, and I'm very encouraged by the reception to this album.
LR: Do you really feel liberated from the whole "Who tradition" with Keith's death, and also, having new musicians work with you?



Michael Putland/RETNA

"I accept the limitations that exist, and I accept the limitations that the past has created, but I don't feel that they weigh me down in the way that they did."

(Continued on page 57)

12-80

TOWNSHEND

(Continued from page 39)

PT: I do, I really do. I accept the limitations that exist, and I accept the limitations that the past has created, but I don't feel that they weigh me down in the way that they did. I used to feel that I was carrying it, whereas now I feel I can use it in a sense, not always to advantage and not always to complete detachment, but at least it doesn't upset me anymore, and I feel adjusted to it. I just feel, if we've got a truckload of crap to carry around then the hell with it, we'll carry the truckload of crap. You know, people carry a truckload of crap all their lives, why not just carry it around. It's only what you are and what you've become, what you've been — and in a way, rock is still so young, so in a way, it's important that anybody who is going through the early part of another sort of hump should say not that 'we've got the courage to go on', but instead — 'let's just jump in and see what happens'. And you've got to fall the right way, otherwise, you can only die laughing. That's what The Who are doing, we're dying laughing, ha-ha.

LR: What are your plans at the moment? You said you're living day to day...

PT: It's true, aside from the album coming out next year, maybe, we actually haven't any plans at all. Not plans as such. There's a couple of things we'd like to do — we'd like to play Japan and Australia, we'd like to finally crack Britain. Ha-ha, we'd like to finally get a Number One single.

LR: Haven't you ever?

PT: Not in all three trade papers.

LR: About Keith Moon...

PT: Well, it's weird, sometimes the strongest don't necessarily always survive. I used to really believe, as did Keith himself, that he was superhuman. I always thought he would live forever, and I really believed it, and I believed that he could do anything and he would out live me. And I bet you that Mick (Jagger) believes that exact same thing about Keith (Richards), but you can't pin anybody down. You just have to do your job and hope for the best. And you mustn't ever tempt fate. Ever.□

Lynn Goldsmith

"I used to really believe, as did Keith himself, that he was superhuman. I always thought he would live forever, and I really believed it, and I believed that he could do anything and he would outlive me."

"Aside from the album coming out next year, maybe, we actually haven't any plans at all. Not plans as such. There's a couple of things we'd like to do..."

1971: The Who

Two full years after *Tommy,* the silly but lovable "rock opera" that finally got the Who out of debt, Peter Townshend was considered to have rendered his masterpiece. Everyone except the Who (and Townshend in particular) seemed to agree, until *Who's Next* was released in the musically resplendent summer of 1971.

Who's Next was, and still is, the perfect combination of guitar-based rock and the impending technology of the then still-unexplored Moog synthesizer. That wasn't all. Writer Townshend had outdone himself, covering a rich range of topics that went far beyond love songs or political sloganeering. What was most impressive about the record, which shinnied its way to #4 by September, was its vast, orchestral sound. It was so much more than just another album, Townshend's original aim precisely.

Who's Next started as a film project called *Life House,* which was eventually junked. "Film is better than record," Townshend contended at the time. Always an iconoclast, he maintained that the Who—and every rock band, for that matter—wasn't "real" on stage anymore, "so we might as well run a movie."

For Townshend, the LP's choice cut was its opening track, "Baba O' Riley," which he proudly called "a combination of all the approaches I developed for this new kind of rock event. The concept was to use synthesizer and prerecorded tapes to get information about an individual, turn it into music, react to that music and then add to it, turning it into something else.

"The funny noise in the background of 'Baba O' Riley' is the first tape I made of that type. I set up a synthesizer to data I've got on myself and let it blow away for about thirty minutes."

By year's end everyone was convinced that Townshend and the Who had created their true masterpiece. Again.

'Who's Next' captured the raw intensity of the early Who (shown here in 1964) and combined it with synthesizer technology.

Chris Walter /London Features Inset Brian Aris/ Photo Trends

The late, great and never-straight Keith Moon: He died before he got old, in 1978.

HOT ROCKS

Never too late for John Entwistle

"That's my pacemaker acting up again." The low, crackling voice on the telephone is unmistakably that of wisecracking John Entwistle, the Who bassist who's just released *Too Late the Hero* (Atco), his first album in half a decade.

"As far as I'm concerned, *Hero* is my first solo album," the black-bearded bassist contends. "I could probably make an amazing double compilation LP of my previous records, but each on its own doesn't hold up." The sophistication of Entwistle's current writing approach is a far cry from his salad days in his native London when he wrote cut-and-paste Who classics like "Boris the Spider."

One of the reasons Entwistle is so happy with *Too Late the Hero* is that it unites him with a long-time pal, guitarist Joe Walsh.

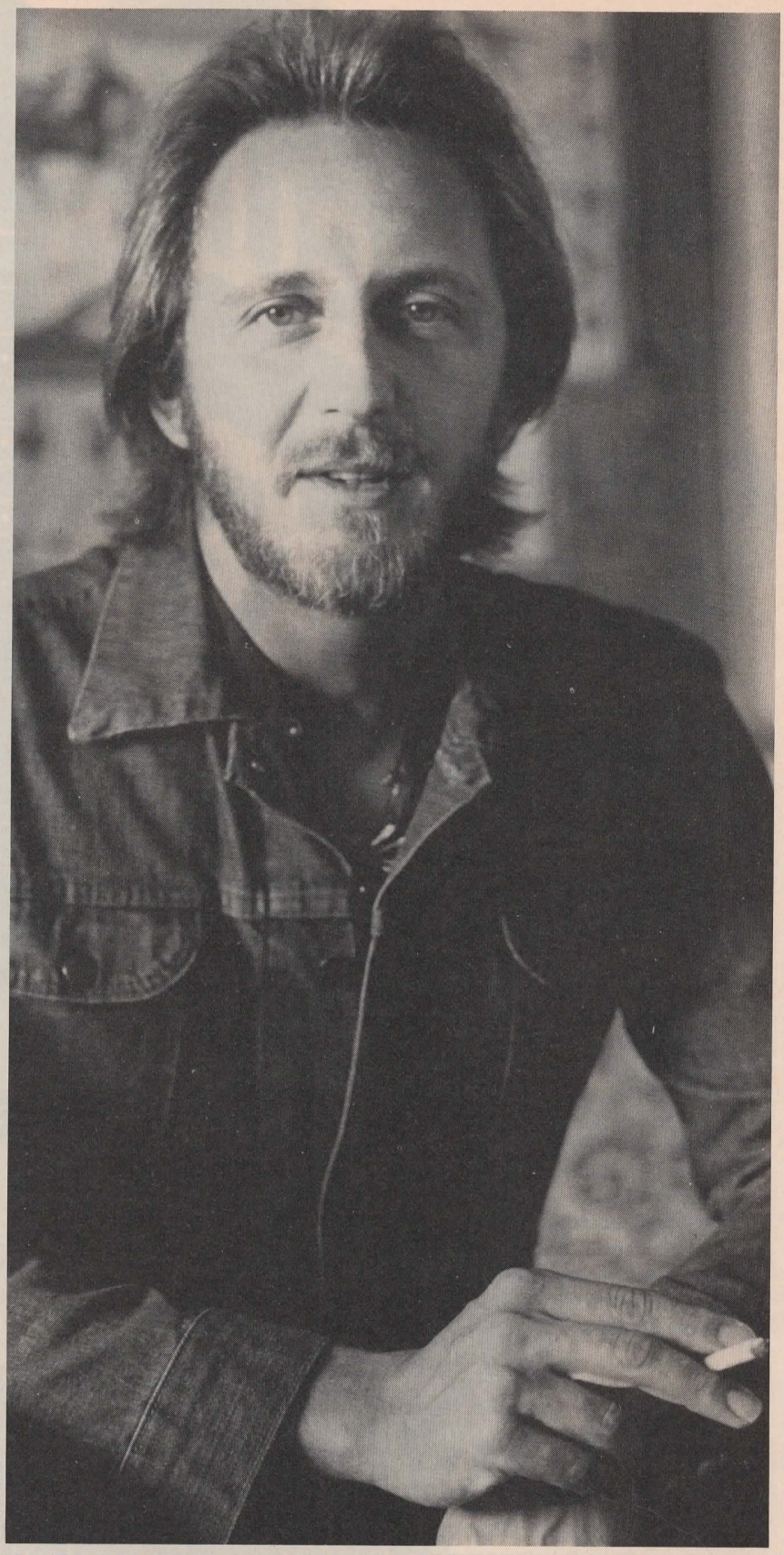
"Some of the chord sequences and changes were definitely written with Walsh in mind. I think I influenced Joe to play a lot heavier on this album than he does with the Eagles. People have been calling it the James Gang meets the Who."

Though associates speculated that Walsh and Entwistle might form a group and tour to promote the record, Entwistle discounts that possibility—at least for now.

"It took three years to get the album together," he laughs, "so arranging a tour could take a century."

On the other hand, *Too Late the Hero* is definitely Entwistle's idea of what he'll do when the Who call it quits. "I don't know how much longer the Who are gonna carry on," he admits. "When they do decide to stop touring two or four or even ten years from now, I'm going to want to carry on touring by myself, and I can't go out and play 'Won't Get Fooled Again' and 'Baba O'Riley.' There's a certain point in the Who's career where they're gonna stop working on stage, and the same goes for the Eagles. So there's a possibility in the future."

—John Swenson



Ebet Roberts

John Entwistle on his latest solo outing, on which he's joined by pal Joe Walsh: "People have been calling it the James Gang meets the Who."

The Who bid farewell to the road

by Fred Schruers

Ebet Roberts

Daltrey and Townshend may seem together onstage, but are always bickering. Pete didn't attend tour rehearsals.

It was one of those bittersweet occasions that have arrived regularly in the Who's 20-year history: Roger Daltrey, looking fit but a bit abstracted, was sitting behind a row of microphones announcing the band's farewell series of U.S. dates. All the trappings were there — venues being announced, early ticket sales clearly about to go through the roof, a mob of photographers and reporters sweating under TV lights — but Daltrey's manner was curiously flat. "I'm 38," he said. "I've been sloggin' my body around the world trying to do what I did at 21 when I'm nearly 40 years old, so — I mean, the point's pretty near anyway. I think this is a good positive way for the Who to finish touring."

In the press, the announcement was taken with a trace of cynicism — the Who have cried wolf many times, and this particular news conference seemed staged solely to put out a buzz for the electronic media. Trapped at the center of a maelstrom of elbowing papparazzi and TV cameramen, Daltrey appeared to be present less to impart information than to sell tickets. Reporters with hookups to major radio networks were allowed one quick question each, then there was a brief media free-for-all that ended with Daltrey pacing about in a restricted-access area, his every step tracked by photographers.

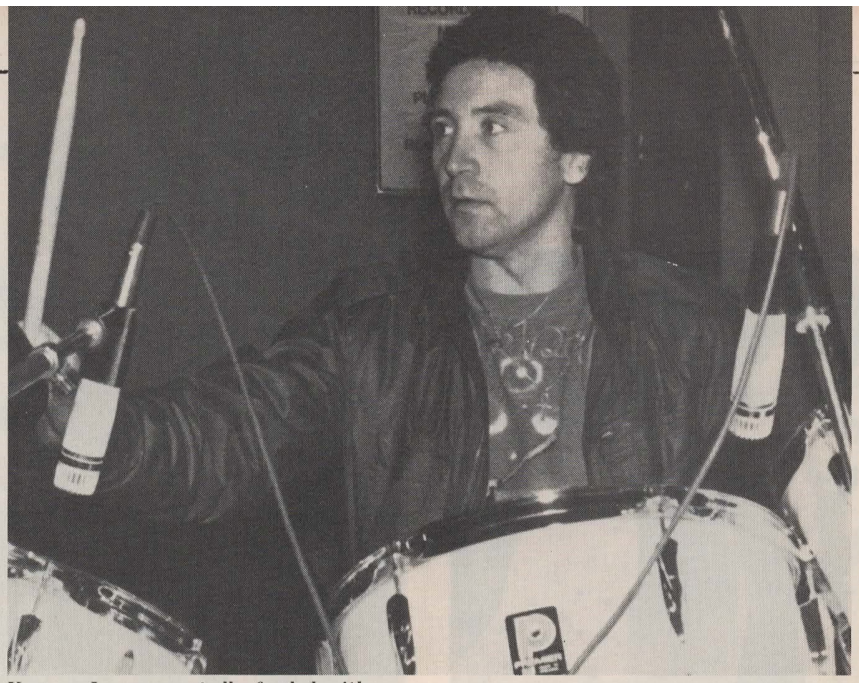
With all the efficiency of a Rolling Stones media coup, the event served its purpose. As the New York radio stations battled to outflank each other with Who bulletins, lines formed at Ticketron outlets throughout the area. Promoter Ron Delsener, though his business had been reeling from the impact of lowered ticket sales, could afford to be smug in reporting the record sale of 11,400 tickets in 40 minutes. Shea Stadium's 38,000 reserved seats sold out for two nights running, and plans were made to sell an additional 12,000 tickets per night to those who wanted a place on the stadium field. "It is to be recalled," a press release pointed out, "that the Beatles' farewell concert [sic] 16 years ago — on August 23, 1966 — also occurred at Shea, but the audience was restricted to seats."

The general plan for the band's North American sweep (with a warm-up gig in Birmingham, England, the only foreign concert announced) showed the tour kicking off in Largo, Maryland on September 22 and ending its first leg at the Los Angeles Coliseum October 29. All the stops along the way did immediate brisk business — Philadelphia's 93,000-seat JFK Stadium sold out as did Buffalo's Rich Stadium (75,000), and Seattle's 71,000-seat Kingdome was added to the lineup

with a sellout expected. Tickets for indoor shows were snapped up so fast at St. Paul's Civic Center (17,772) and Chicago's Rosemont Horizon (18,500) that a second date was added in each of those cities. Leg Two was scheduled to start, after a month-long layoff, later this month at the Omni in Atlanta.

Daltrey was quick to point out that the purported end to touring would not mean an end to the Who, and that the band could still record together and grow in the studio, making more complex music. "If we don't have to play them on stage," he noted, "there's a lot of new things we can do." Fine. But just two months earlier, guitarist Pete Townshend had said in an interview that he didn't know how many more records the band might make together.

Prior to making their current Warner Bros. LP, *It's Hard*, Townshend had told Daltrey, "I didn't feel I could write for the band if it was gonna just go into a recording studio. I felt we *had* to perform *live*. I need that feedback as a writer." In the same talk, Pete predicted the Who would call it quits before the Rolling Stones do, and that the only way to gear up for their next outing would be to consider it a "last waltz": "We seem to have to know that we're making our last big effort. We have to feel that there is an end to it; otherwise, I really don't think we could go on with the right mood."



Adrian Boot/Retna Ltd.

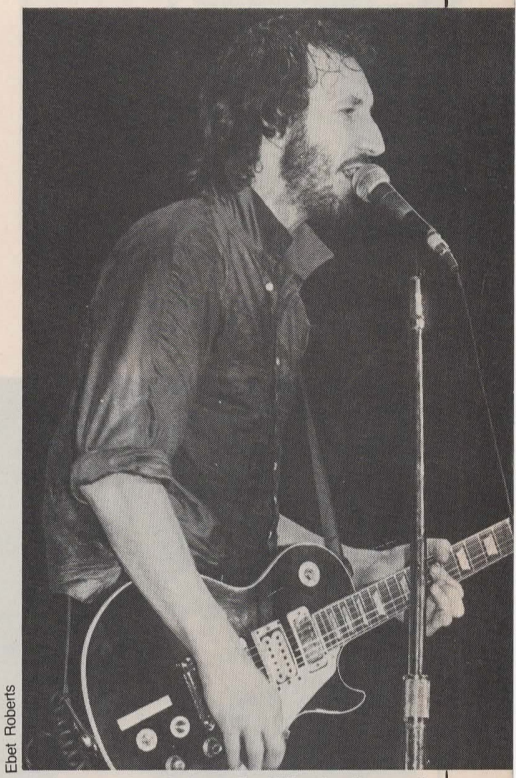
Kenney Jones reportedly feuded with Daltrey, but as Roger points out, "He is in the band."

After *Face Dances* appeared in March 1981, the Who did a brief tour of England; they haven't played Stateside since 1980. The response to *Face Dances* had been disappointing, critically and commercially, and that helps explain the long dark night of the soul that subsequently saw Pete Townshend walk out on his wife and two daughters for a period of several months while he hung out with London's society swells and new romantic poseurs, hitting the bottle so hard and often that he began taking an anti-alcoholism drug, Activan, and ended up addicted to *that*. Late Pretenders guitarist James Honeyman-Scott, a protégé of Townshend's who was himself ultimately a victim of a liking for intoxicants, told of more than one evening Townshend got so determinedly drunk that he had to be carried home.

Daltrey, announcing the farewell dates, called that period a "disaster," but said that the reformed Townshend was, happily, back under control. While Pete was busy with his own solo disk, the problematical *All the Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes*, Roger was rehearsing the Who for a tour — playing rhythm guitar himself, with Andy Fairweather Low, (part of the band for the *It's Hard* sessions) playing lead guitar. (On the farewell tour, the band will bring along Fairweather Low, as well as keyboardist Tom Gorman, who replaces "Rabbit" Bundrick.)

Late in the press conference, Daltrey was asked about reports that he'd been feuding with drummer Kenney Jones; that he'd never wanted a full-time replacement for Keith Moon after the loony drummer's death. "He's in the band," replied Daltrey with an edge creeping into his voice, "He's the drummer."

Daltrey's job, throughout the band's history, has not been an easy one. Increasingly, especially on *Face Dances*, he's had to be the voice for songwriter Townshend's personal obsessions. This time around, Pete asked the band for input. As he told an English interviewer, "I asked them: 'What do you want to fucking sing about? Tell me, and I'll write the songs. It's a piece of piss! I've been writing songs for twenty years.' " Townshend got little results that way, so he suggested topics, started a debate and came up with concerns that were "quite anguished": the nuclear threat, England's shaky politics, the powerlessness of the people and the establishment to rectify matters. With the addition of guitarist Fairweather Low, the band sound is busy, the new LP crammed with quick chords. The single, "Athena," wanders busily across the musical map, but there's something reminiscent of the early Who in its theme of sexual befuddlement.



Ebet Roberts

Will Townshend drop the Who in favor of family and solo work? "We have to feel there's an end to it," he says.

So, despite drink, drugs and dire threats against each other, the Who are taking one more shot on a series of stages around America. The band that took much of the blame for a Cincinnati concertgoers' stampede that killed 11 people three years ago is nervy enough to try again. For all its flaws and frights, this is a tour that is bound to make rock history.

Portrait of the artists as young Mods, circa 1967: (l.-r.) Pete Townshend, Keith Moon, Roger Daltrey and John Entwistle.

Daltrey (r.) with Entwistle, shown here in actual motion. Usually, "The Ox" stood in the shadows, anchoring the band as the other three took flight.

Three decades of the Who on tour

Bob Gruen

Bob Gruen

But what does Les Paul think about this? (L) Townshend sends his guitar flying to the ground while Keith Moon, obviously succumbing to peer pressure, takes another axe and does likewise (r.)

Rex Features Ltd/David Magnus

Pete Townshend and John Lennon clowning around at the Rolling Stones Rock & Roll Circus, 1968. The filmed event was never released to the public. Too bad: The Who stole the show.

Michael Putland/Retna Ltd.

Daltrey and Townshned on the last Who tour, spring 1980. The current tour, they claim, is the last one they will ever do, but that doesn't rule out the possibility of the Who performing selected dates in the future.

Daltrey on the 1975 tour: The Who played over 100 dates, jelling much better than on the 'Quadrophenia' tour two years earlier.

Dustin Pittman

Michael Putland/Retna Ltd.

1979: The triumphant return after Keith Moon's death. Ex-Faces drummer Kenney Jones (l.) was now in the band.

the Who.

The only Who on vinyl comes by way of two singles, "Join Together" and "The Relay."

On December 9, *Tommy* premieres at London's Rainbow Theater for a one-night stand performance starring Daltrey as Tommy, plus Rod Stewart, Steve Winwood, Peter Sellers, Richie Havens, Merry Clayton and Maggie Bell. Keith Moon plays Uncle Ernie; Townshend narrates.

Tommy bombs. British scribe Paul Gambaccini writes it off as "palatable theater, but hardly aesthetically inspiring." Only Daltrey, and Winwood as Tommy's father, acquit themselves, as does David Measham, conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra. But *Tommy* isn't dead yet.

1973

In the fall comes *Quadrophenia*, the most ambitious Townshend work to date. It's an album in the truest sense, as its songs couldn't exist without one another, not like the patchwork of *Tommy*. Its hero, Jimmy, is a young British '60s Mod, whose split personalities—quadrophenia—represent each member of the Who. Thematically it works better than *Tommy*, and despite its grandiose arrangements—so many Christmas trees bending under a ton of synthesizer tinsel—"in a lot of ways this album goes back to the old Who," notes Townshend. Entwistle, whose playing particularly stands out, proudly calls it "our best album, performance-wise."

But *Quadrophenia* creates a new set of problems. With so much of it pretaped, it's difficult to play on the 1973 tour, and it becomes the source of increasing friction between Townshend and Daltrey, who sees the Who sound getting smothered in electronic squabble. "In the studio we sometimes lose our rough edges," he complains.

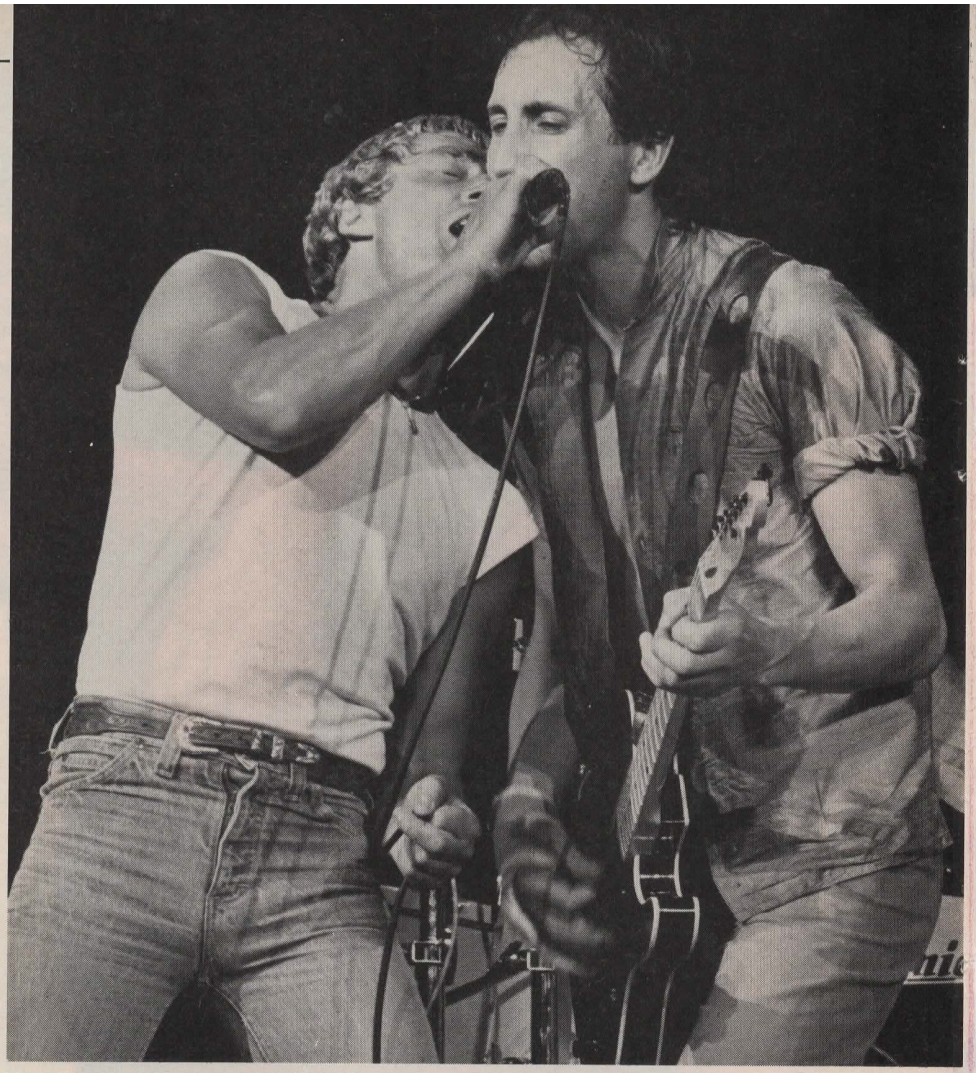
1974

A quiet year, the Who mostly working apart. Production begins on *Tommy* the film, Daltrey starring, Townshend scoring, Ken Russell directing.

John Entwistle, meanwhile, is busy piecing together *Odds and Sods* (its title coined by Daltrey), a collection of never-before-released album tracks including "I'm the Face," leftovers from *Lifehouse* and other delights. "A memory trip of sorts" is Entwistle's summary of the LP.

1975

A busy year, with solo LPs from Entwistle (*Mad Dog*), Moon (*The Two Sides of the Moon*) and Daltrey (*Ride a Rock Horse*).



Jeffrey Mayer/Rainbow

The two protagonists of the Who, Daltrey and Townshend. "A strange, backward marriage," Pete once termed their relationship.

The big news, though, is *Tommy*, the deaf, dumb and blind boy who won't go away. The movie is out by spring: Ann-Margret plays Tommy's mother, Oliver Reed the father, and Eric Clapton, Elton John, Tina Turner, Jack Nicholson, and of course, the Who, all make appearances. *Tommy* is produced at a cost of $3.5 million, and strains Townshend to the point where his hair starts falling out in clumps. As with much of director Russell's work, it's extravagant and excessive, and reviews are mixed. But *Tommy* establishes Daltrey as an on-screen talent and he signs on to star in another Russell flick, *Lisztomania*.

While hot-tempered disputes are nothing new for the Who, things come to a critical head in 1975. Townshend, still exhausted from his work on *Tommy*, blurts out "my fears, my depressions, my woes" to some U.K. rock mags. His swipes at the Who anger Daltrey, who retaliates with his own set of interviews, blaming many of the Who's problems on their leader and chief critic.

With all this public barking and biting, it's a wonder the new Who LP appears by the fall. Titled *The Who by Numbers*, the cover is a connect-the-dots caricature of the group by Entwistle. The music on *Numbers* is toned down from that on *Quadrophenia*, and the lyrics reflect the torment of Townshend, who has trouble coping with his role as "the aging daddy of punk rock." By this time, Pete, like Keith Moon, is liver-deep in alcohol, and many of the songs are downright sullen: "No Matter How Much I Booze," "How Many Friends," even Entwistle's contribution, "Success Story." Years later, Townshend calls the record "a string of tracks that were powerful in a negative way." Aside from its one light moment, "Squeeze Box," which does well as a single, *The Who by Numbers* comes off as Pete's personal purge.

With rumors of a breakup swirling around them, the Who embark on a three-leg tour of over 100 dates. The group plays much more pointedly than on the '73 tour; significantly, only one song from *Quadrophenia*, "Drowned," is included in the set.

1976

The tour continues into the spring. The band opts to rest for most of the year's remainder.

1977

Roger Daltrey records *One of the Boys*, his third solo album.

Pete Townshend releases *Rough Mix*, recorded with ex-Face Ronnie Lane. Its beatific mood is in marked contrast to *The Who by Numbers*. Townshend ends the year with a six-page reverie for Rolling Stone magazine titled "The Punk Meets the Godfather," in which he details the recent Who crises. For the first time in a while, the group appears to be on safe ground.

1978

The only major disagreements now are about whether or not to tour, Daltrey for, Townshend against. In September it becomes moot point.

Just after the release of the Who's 12th LP, *Who Are You*, and only two weeks after his 31st birthday, Keith Moon is found dead in his Mayfair flat in London on September 7. It is the same flat in which Mama Cass Elliott died in 1974.

Moon had attended a party at Paul McCartney's house the night before to celebrate the late Buddy Holly's birthday before going on to a screening of *The Buddy Holly Story*. Moon was accompanied by his fiancée, Swedish actress Annette Walter-Lax. Afterward, the two went nightclubbing before returning home at 4:00 a.m. The assumption is that he grabbed a handful of Haminevrin, a prescription sedative. Combined with the alcohol, it killed him—an ironically quiet ending to a madcap life. "I think someone looked down and said, 'O.K., that's your ninth life,' " John Entwistle remarked.

After a conference at their Shepperton Film studios, the Who make an announcement the next day: "We are more determined than ever to carry on," says a written statement by Townshend, "and we want the spirit of the group to which Keith contributed so much to go on, although no human being can ever take his place."

1979

After much speculation as to who will indeed take Moon's seat (Aynsley Dunbar and B.J. Wilson are mentioned as possible candidates), Kenney Jones, late of the Faces, is named. While the Who regroup, most of 1979 is taken up by two films. First, *The Kids Are Alright*, a documentary/history for which Entwistle acts as musical director. In the fall there's *Quadrophenia*, like *The Kids* accompanied by a two-record LP.

The new lineup tours in the fall, supported by John (Rabbitt) Bundrick on keyboards and a three-man horn section. Jones plays in a style that's only slightly more conservative than Moon's, and the band is gripped by an emotional high when it plays Madison Square Garden in September.

But tragedy strikes again. On December 3, at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum, 11 people die while pushing and shoving their way into a Who concert. One of them is a mother of two. After preliminary considerations to halt the tour right there, the Who decide to complete the scheduled dates.

1980

Townshend releases *Empty Glass*, a stunning record for which he chooses to go with his best material instead of saving it for the next Who album. The songs are intensely personal and they show Townshend to be much more at peace with himself than on the last two Who LPs.

Roger Daltrey stars in *McVicar*, not distributed in this country until 1982; its soundtrack, however, hits the Top 25.

The Who leave MCA Records for Warner Bros.

1981

The first post-Keith Moon LP, *Face Dances*, comes out in March. It is a strangely reticent album, and to many, a disappointment. But it has its moments, especially "You Better You Bet," which becomes a hit single. *Face Dances* goes gold.

Entwistle records his first LP in over six years. *Too Late the Hero* showcases him in a power trio with friends Joe Walsh and Joe Vitale, and is extremely different from his previous four recordings.

In October, MCA releases *Hooligans*, a four-sided anthology.

1982

As the Who enter their 20th year, they show no sign of imminent retirement. It's likely that their best days are still ahead of them. Nineteen eighty-two will see the spring release of Townshend's *Chinese Eyes* and the new Who LP. The two protagonists in the band—Townshend and Daltrey—acknowledge the power of the Who over its members.

"It's like a strange backward marriage," said Townshend at the height of their troubles in 1975. "We bitch all the time, but we still hold on."

And Daltrey: "The Beatles stopped; the Who won't, definitely won't.

"It's a way of life for us."

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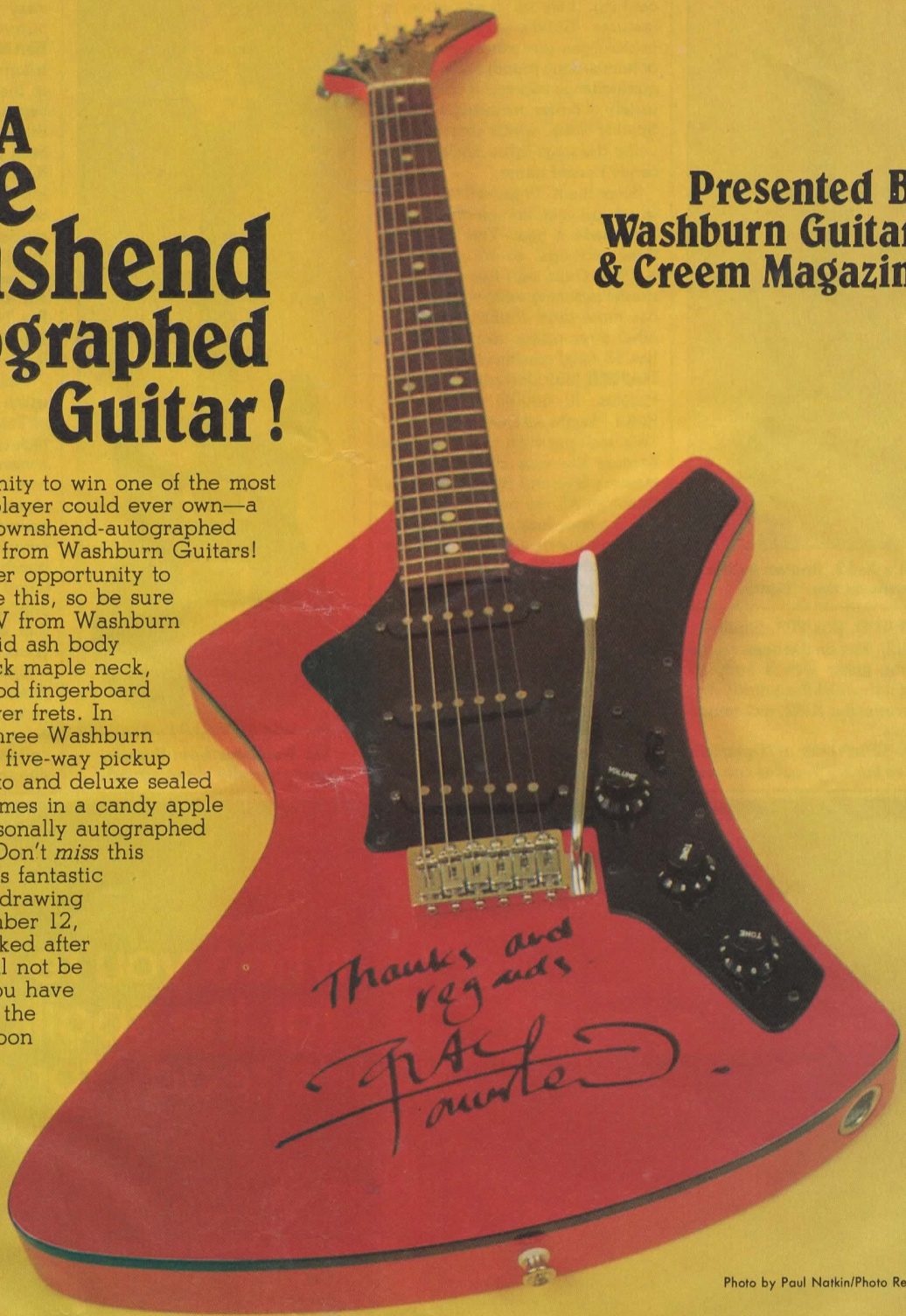

Photo by Paul Natkin/Photo Reserve

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THE PUNK AS GODFATHER II

If The Glove Fits... Wear It!

PETE TOWNSHEND

by Roy Carr

Michael Zagaris

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Pete Townshend may well have some cause to feel sorry for himself; when the final reckoning comes he's got a lot to answer for—in particular, the Curse Of The Concept Album.

Though concept albums are by no means new to popular music—Gordon Jenkins and Mel Torme were churning 'em out almost a quarter of a century ago—it was *Tommy* (as opposed to *Sgt. Pepper*) which unleashed a deluge of albums built around one specific theme. These ranged from the Fudge's horrendous *The Beat Goes On* through to J. Tull's obscure *Passion Play* up to and including Rick Wakeman's Disneyesque *King Arthur*.

"None of which," says Townshend, as he bursts into laughter, "work."

"For instance, when the Big Feedback Controversy was going on in the mid-sixties, Dave Davies and I used to have hilarious arguments about who was the first to invent feedback. I used to pull Dave's leg by saying 'we both supported the Beatles in Blackpool and you weren't doing it then...I bet you nicked it off me when you saw me doing it'. And Dave would scream that he was doing it long before that. Then one day I read this incredible story about Jeff Beck in which he said"—at this juncture, he adopts a retarded Pythonesque android accent—"Yeah, Townshend came down t'see d'Tridents rehearsing and he saw me using the feedback'...pause...'and copied it'." Returning to his natural voice, Townshend scowls, "I never ever saw the Tridents and the man is pathetic.

"Obviously, Beck may feel deeply enough that he invented feedback—but for Chrissakes who gives a shit? Why even comment on it? It doesn't really matter, it's just a funny noise made by a guitar."

Townshend goes on to explain that the innovatory part of rock is not necessarily the part that he's proud of, even though he's regarded as the Who's ideas man. "I was trained in graphic design...to be an ideas man... to think up something new and different...like, let's give a lemon away with the next album!"

Thank you.

"In the early days of the Who we were tagged with gimmicks and subsequently it made me very gimmick-conscious.

"Now if I might return to *Tommy* for a moment..."

But only for a moment.

"...What I think is good about *Tommy* is *not* that it's a rock opera or that it's the first or the last...that's of course, if you assume that there's gonna be any more!!"

Don't worry, there will be. Have a copy of Camel's *Snow Goose*.

"What I feel is very important about *Tommy* is that as a band it was our first conscious departure out of the adolescent area. It was our first attempt at something that wasn't the same old pilled-up adolescent brand of music. We'd finished with that and we didn't know which way to go. That's when we went through that very funny period of 'Happy Jack' and 'Dogs'.

"It was also a very terrifying period for me as the Who's only ideas man. For instance, though 'I Can See For Miles' was just released after 'Happy Jack', I'd written it in 1966 but had kept it in the can for ages because it was going to be the Who's ace-in-the-hole.

"If you want the truth..."

And nothin' but...

"I really got lost after 'Happy Jack' and then when 'I Can See For Miles' bombed-out in Britain, I thought 'What the hell am I gonna do now?' The pressures were really on me and I had to come up with something very quick and that's how *Tommy* emerged from

> ***"When 'I Can See For Miles' bombed in Britain, the pressures were really on me to come up with something quick, and that's how Tommy emerged..."***

Yet as we all know, Townshend himself has had no less than three stabs at the same subject. So how does he view the trilogy in retrospect?

"I don't. And if you're going to ask me which one I prefer, I don't really like any of them very much. I suppose I still like bits of the Who's original version, but the definitive *Tommy* album is still in my head."

Perhaps it would be wise to quit this line of questioning and leave Tommy where he is. But Townshend wants the last word.

"I think that everyone in rock shares the same basic urges, and therefore, that it would be very unfair for me to say it's alright for the 'Oo 'cause we invented it. I have great doubts about that.

Mick Rock

Neal Preston

a few rough ideas I'd been messing about with."

And whereas the Beatles had cried that it was impossible to perform *Pepper* in public, the fact that the Who demonstrated that *Tommy* was an ideal stage presentation quickly motivated other bands to mobilize their might for the New Aquarian Age.

With more sophisticated electronic weaponry than they knew how to utilize, the likes of Floyd, Yes, and ELP adopted a more "profound" stance as, in a blaze of strobes, they began to bombard audiences with techno-flash wizardry, pseudo-mystical jargon and interchangeable concepts.

Townshend may have had a helping hand in starting the whole schmear rolling (it sure didn't rock), but he is adamant in his belief than many alleged "profound" music machines are working a clever con-trick on the public.

"All that they're really doing is getting together and working out the most complex ideas they can handle, packaging it with pretentious marketing appeal and unloading it on their fans. But"—and here comes the get-out clause—"does everything *have* to hold water? Obviously, it must mean something to the integrity of the band that's putting it together, but it's results that count."

Well the result, as Townshend puts it, has turned many a rock theatre into a dormitory.

"It might be difficult to fall asleep at a Who gig, but I can understand why some bands send their audiences into a coma. I don't like Yes at all. I used to like them when Peter Banks was in the line-up, because, apart from being extremely visual, he also played excellent guitar. With so many changes in the line-up, Yes is Jon Anderson's band and he might be guilty of much of that wishy-washy stuff they churn out—because Jon really is a tremendous romantic. Maybe he believes in the old mystical work, and maybe poetry moves him along—but I'm not concerned either way."

> ***"It doesn't matter who invented feedback, and Jeff Beck is pathetic."***

Just wait until the letters come pouring in.

"It's like that line in 'Punk and The Godfather'...'you paid me to do the dancing.' The kids pay us for a good time, yet nowadays people don't really want to get involved. Audiences are very much like the kids in Tommy's Holiday Camp, they want something without working for it.

"That wasn't the way it used to be. The enthusiasm that evolved around the Beatles was *enthusiasm* as opposed to energy generated by the Beatles. You talk to them now about it and they don't know what happened! It was the kids' enthusiasm for *them*. Now when you see it happening again you can see how utterly strange it must have seemed the first time around.

"For instance, take the amount of energy and enthusiasm that's currently expended on, say, Gary Glitter...and Gary's just as confused as everyone else. All he knows is which curler to put on which side of his head—Gary readily admits this, and is all the better for it.

"Get in the middle of a crowd of screamin' kids—it doesn't matter who they're screamin' at—and there's a certain amount of charisma transferred to these people. But then, that's what fanmania is really all about.

"When the real charismatic figures like Mick Jagger came along, then I think that rock started to change and *then* the kids began to create their own trends in fashion. The Mods not only used to design their own clothes but sometimes actually to make them; and the fact that they did hum-drum jobs to get money to buy clothes, scooters, records and go to clubs built up this elite. Therefore it wasn't too long before the artists let that rub off onto them and in that sense, I think the Who were as guilty as anybody else. And I'll tell you why. Because in the end we wanted the audiences to turn up to see only us as opposed to the audience being the show and struttin' about like peacocks. We had to be the only reason for them turning up at a Who gig."

With rock and its peripheral interests having been systematically turned into a multi-million dollar consumer industry, Townshend has observed that the customer no longer dictates youth fashion. "That's all down to some designer employed by a multiple chain store. Everything nowadays is premeditated. Within days the whole country is flooded with what someone thinks the kids want."

Even as far back as 1968, the Who were somewhat trapped by their own image, when Townshend stated that the thing that had impressed him most was the Mod movement. He had been fired by the excitement of witnessing and subsequently taking an active part in what he felt was the first time in history that youth had made a concerted move towards unity of thought and drive and motive. "It was almost surreal" was how he was quoted at the time.

Somewhere at the turn of the sixties, the youth movement was derailed. Talk of a promised land and the eventual greening of America became suffocated as the consumer industry once again took command, and the Business in show business grabbed the spoils.

When Townshend looks back in time, he can't help but laugh. "I don't think they were promises, I think it was just young people promising themselves something...having ambitions to do something...and, if you like, certain rock people were acting as spokesmen. So they are the convenient people to

TURN TO PAGE 76.

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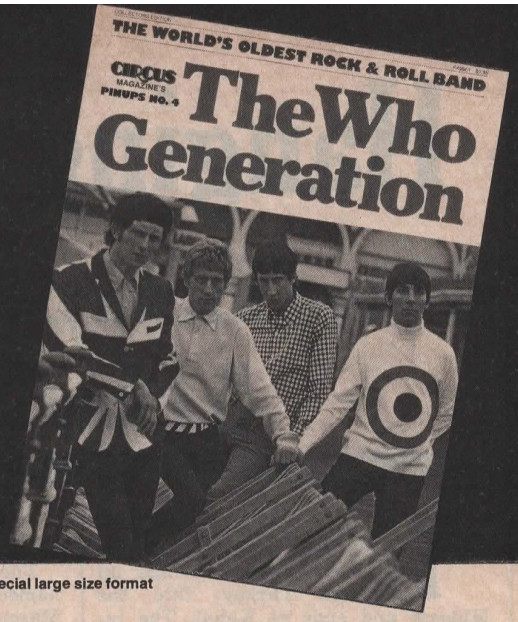

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photos by Bob Gruen

says Daltrey momentarily wiping the ever-present ear-to-ear grin from off his face, "I found it difficult to look at the rushes, because it made me realize just how much we had lost. Amongst other things," he concludes, before becoming too morose, "he showed us all how to live...really!"

Back over to where Townshend is still holding court. Now either Pete doesn't detect the sarcasm in the tone of one particular foreign journalist or he chooses to treat it with the contempt it deserves, but (uncharacteristically), Townshend doesn't take umbrage or a swing when it's suggested that the Who are nothing more than "working class heroes playing at being rich?"

There's a brief pause.

"I'm still working class," retorts Townshend adamantly, "because I give most of my money away. If you really want to know, at this very moment, I've got an overdraft of 250,000 pounds!

"The amount of money that passed through the Who's camp was phenomenal," he reveals, "but the amount of money one actually saw or controlled was quite small. Now, the great thing about the Who today, is that we control some of the larger amounts and try and point them in the right direction." He cites plans for a microcosmic film-based recording studio, complete with the most sophisticated dubbing facilities, down at Shepperton as just one instance. "What I do with my share is to try and keep it involved in various ground-level creative projects.

"On the other hand," he informs, "what the Who are trying to do, is exist in England—which isn't easy at the moment, and take care of the responsibility to allow rock to mature and do it without crapping over everything. Now, if we can prove that we can do just that and still remain human beings at the other end of it, then I honestly believe that we've achieved one helluva lot.

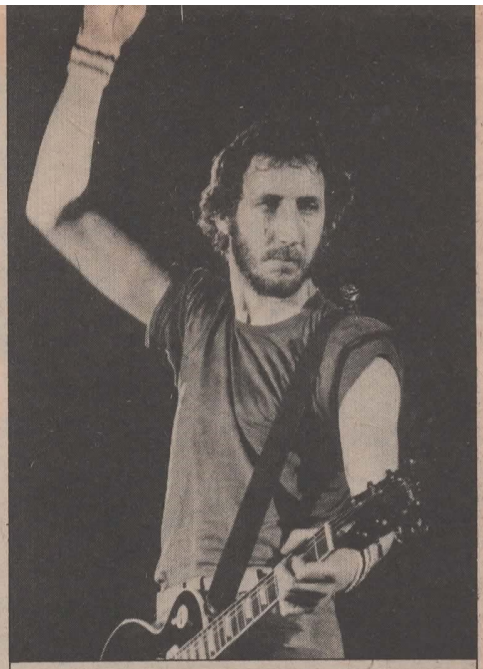
"We've lost one of our members so far and it's a painful loss...something that we never ever thought would happen to us. We thought we would survive, but one cannot deny the fact that rock 'n' roll has claimed so many young people." He momentarily ponders the implications. "Maybe the statistics would be the same if you ran a survey on any other stress-profession, but the fact remains, losing Keith was a terrible shock."

If Townshend refused to be provoked by the previous line of questioning, he rises to the bait when asked if the British Government publically acknowledges—with a hypothetical pat on the head—the Who for staying put—refusing to take the money and run.

"The Inland Revenue acknowledges it all the time," he jests, but his flippant mood quickly turns to surpressed anger.

"I don't give a shit whether or not the fuckin' government acknowledges our presence in England. What the fuck do we need *their* acknowledgement for! What have *they* got to do with *us* or, for that matter, people in general. C'mon, let's get our fuckin' priorities right for once. Bureaucrats," he snarls, "they're *our* servants... *we* acknowledge *them*...they're at *our* behest. *We* vote *them* in.

"As people in the rock business grow up," argues Townshend vehemently, "they should realize that for bloody years they've had everything inside out. Instead of growing up thinking that you're an outcast, you should grow up thinking that you're *it*... you're what the whole bloody thing is about and, at least, I'd like *my generation* to start adopting that attitude!"



Just wind him up and he'll play all day.

> ***"It's a shame that these kids who currently call themselves Mods can't find their own thing..."***
> **--Roger Daltrey**

It might not be cue for song, but certainly for another provocative question.

"To be truthful," Townshend replies, when discussing the validity of still performing "My Generation," "it sounds totally ridiculous for us to still be playing it and I'd very much like to change the words."

Asked if he feels that he's cheating his audience by continually re-cycling the anthem of a previous generation's lifestyle, he barks, "Why should it be cheating the audience? If anything, it's ourselves, not them, because *they* still demand to hear it."

The recent release of *The Kids Are Alright* biopic and *Quadrophenia* in early autumn will, unquestionably, fuel the emergent Mod revival and shape the remainder of the year. Whether or not it will have any positive effect on the 80's or just go the way of Power Pop and half a dozen recent revivalist trends is open to speculation.

Having viewed an audience cross-section that attended the Who's recent Rainbow Theatre re-birth, Townshend argued, in the bar afterwards, that perhaps Modrophenia was nothing more than a figment of Paul Weller's insatiable fan fixation/fantasy.

"It's got nothing at all to do with the Who," was his comment that evening, even though he himself has seen the hundreds of Who-logo stenciled parkas on parade and the Pop-Art bulls-eye t-shirts. "It's all to do with the Jam," he insisted, "it's Paul Weller's thing."

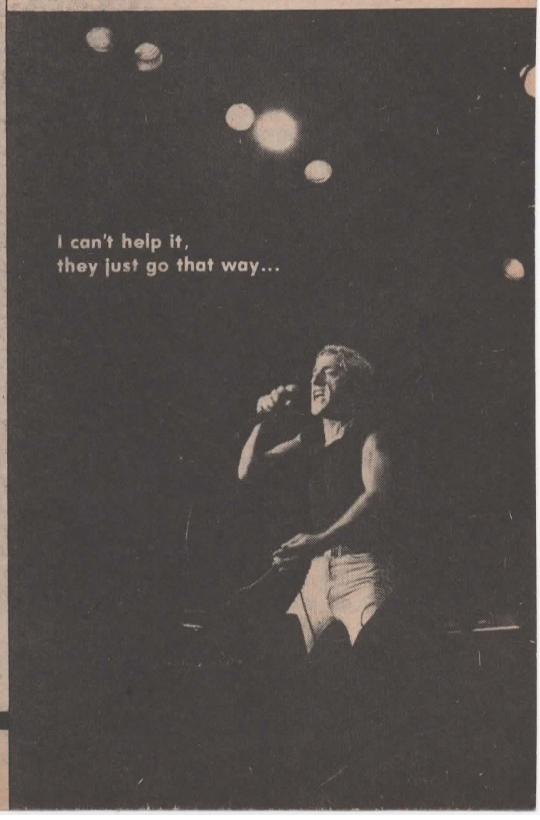
Townshend has yet to reach a satisfactory conclusion on the topic, but it isn't causing him to lose any sleep. "Maybe," he suggests, "these kids think that life when the Who were 16 and 17 was better than life today. I'm only guessing...but it could be nothing more than just a bit of romantic nostalgia.

"It's strange," he continues, "how a lot of fashions that immediately followed the British punk movement were backward looking. After the safety-pins and the slashed clothes, it went to the point where, the last time I saw Johnny Rotten and one of the guys out of the Clash, they both looked like 50's rockers: black leather jackets, rocker shoes and Teds clothes. Could be that all the kids who don't fancy living with all of that prefer the old smart Mod outfits."

Though *Quadrophenia* doesn't always press home the fact that, in its purest form, mod—to quote the late Peter Meaden—was an aphorism for clean living under difficult circumstances, the fact remains in the light of present events, that the last thing Mods would have been involved in was anything that remotely smacked of revivalism.

Mods led, where others followed.

After having wagged an accusing finger for what he regards as a media overkill of the punk movement, Daltrey intimates that he hopes the present wave of Modrophenia won't suffer as a direct result of press intervention. However, like Townshend, Daltrey is aware that the premise currently favored by the establishment is to neutralize/commercialize the unacceptable and, as can be ascertained from such things as the Lee Cooper punk-parody TV commercials, quickly absorb it into the general mainstream and render it harmless, chic and comical.



I can't help it, they just go that way...

photos by Bob Gruen

to supply *everyone* with suitable copy causes lapse in continuity, due to the fact that there are (recurring) instances when relevant lines of interrogation are usurped by irrelevance. Nevertheless, to his credit (and the amusement of the British contingent), Townshend fields the barrage of questions, promptly throwing them back into play with the degree of skill associated with Peter Shilton.

If you had the opportunity to re-live just one day in your life, which one would it be?
Pete: "Dunno...but it would have to be a day when something very physical happened."

What is your favorite rock movie?
Pete: "Stanley Kubrick's *2001*."

What is the one question you're continually asked the most?
Pete: "(Sigh)...It's usually, a long time ago you wrote a song with the line, 'I hope I die before I grow old' and you didn't?...Well, I tell 'em, I'm still working on it!"

Roger Daltrey who, by his own admission, pushed the hardest and the longest to coax the Who back on the boards, underlines the band's determination to continue indefinitely, by joking, "When Pete dies, I'll immediately be around there with a shovel diggin' him up."

And, as with taxes, it's inevitable that the subject of death, not so much Townshend's, but that of Keith Moon, should be broached.

Taking into account that Townshend has often been quoted as saying (and he repeats the statement later in the day):

"The Who have always made a special point of being insensitive to the feelings of the other members of the band, and I don't see why we should stop now," nobody avoids the question. However, it's obvious that it's a subject that the band doesn't wish to dwell on at length. If anything, they prefer to either adopt a lighthearted stance, says Townshend; "Even when he died, you have to admit that Moon still had a great sense of timing," or, as in the case of drummer Kenny Jones, use it as an excuse to discuss another aspect of the Who's career—the part to which he now contributes. Having established that Keith Moon is a hard act to follow, Jones clarifies his approach to playing in the band: "When I see the film, all that I wish is that Moon was still around doing it.

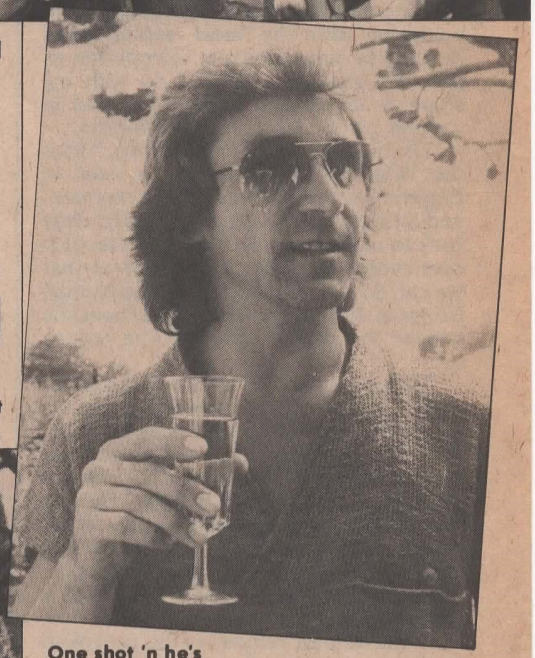
"Whereas, Keith had a more theatrical way of playing, I just give it to 'em right between the eyes and that's that."

Contrary to speculation, neither the Who nor Kenny Jones had to compromise themselves to establish a common ground on which to operate. As it transpires, Jones wasn't even requested to audition for the role. "If someone wants me to audition," he argues, "then they don't know what I play like and therefore don't really want me in the first place."

Much of the Who's chemistry was a result of the interaction between guitar and drums, and it was an approach Jones had long been familiar with. "Unlike most drummers, I never play with just the bass, I play with everyone. I suppose that comes from playing with Steve Marriott in the Small Faces, who both sang and played at the same time. Whenever Steve felt like doing something spontaneous, I'd just accentuate it. And, the same thing happens with Pete."

Uh...no comment?

> ***"I'm still working class because I give most of my money away."***
> **--Pete Townshend**



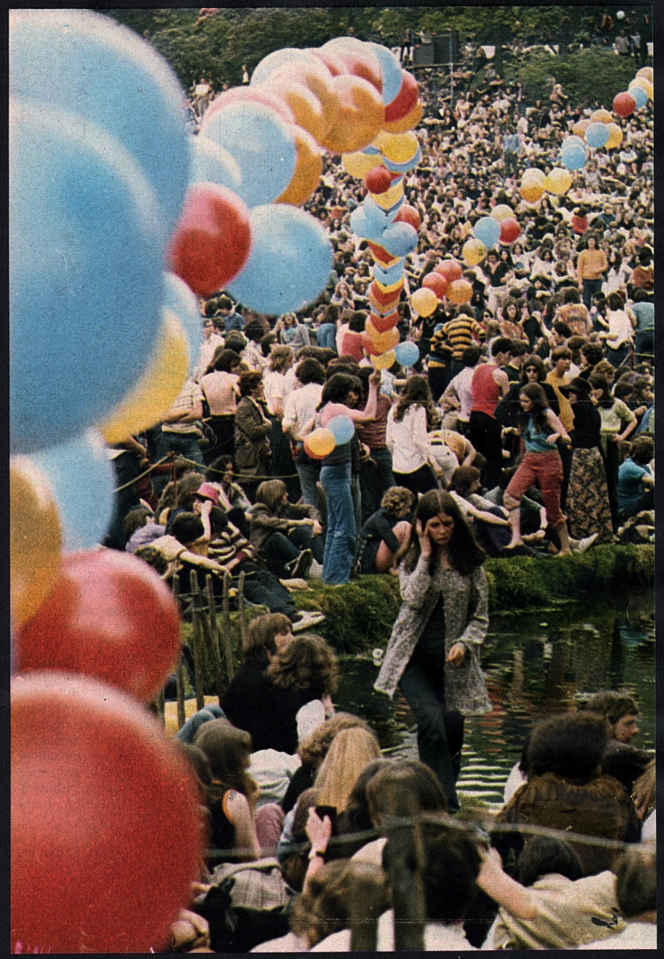
One shot 'n he's good for the whole day!

I didn't say I was a *fart*...(sniff)... What's that smell? photos by Bob Gruen

The introduction of Kenny Jones into the refurbished line-up has also had a positive effect on John Entwistle. "It goes without saying that Moon was about the hardest drummer in the world to play with—if you ever saw him sit in with another band you'll realize why! Keith was so unpredictable that I always had to watch out for when he went out of tempo and I didn't go along with him. With Kenny, I feel a lot freer. I've even got time to look at the audience and check out how we're going down!"

As it transpires, Roger Daltrey—who, it is rumored, took Moon's death much harder than anyone else—has yet to see a finished print of *The Kids*, stating that he has absolutely no intention of doing so for at least ten years. "Just after Keith died,"

POP pour le bengla desh



à l'oval cricket ground

oval cricket ground

Du monde, beaucoup de monde; des groupes, beaucoup de groupes, et puis du soleil, beaucoup de soleil. Décidément il ne manquait rien à l'Oval Cricket Ground pour le concert organisé par Buffalo au profit des réfugiés du Bengale. Imposante par la quantité des groupes qu'elle annonçait, mais aussi par la qualité que sous-entendaient les noms de certains, cette affiche du 18 septembre fut, en fait, un véritable modèle du genre. Cochise, Grease Band, Lindisfarne, Quintessence, America, Eugene Wallace, Mott the Hoople, Atomic Rooster, Faces, Who : il était bien difficile de faire mieux. Douze heures durant, de 11 h à 23 h, et sans interruption, dix groupes se sont donc succédé sur scène, ce devant quelques milliers de personnes (peut-être 20.000) prêtes à exploser, à participer de tout leur être au moindre signe favorable des dieux des planches. Le premier groupe fut donc Cochise. Formé en août 1969, il se compose de Stuart Brown (vocal et guitare acoustique), Mick Grabham (guitare solo,), Brian Cole (steel guitare), Ricky Wills (basse) et Willie (drums). A la base, Cochise est un groupe de hard rock, influencé par le country and western, le ryhtm' n'blues, et chez qui le jazz n'est pas sans montrer le bout du nez. C'est avec Long John Baldry et son groupe Bluesology que Stuart Brown fit ses premières armes, et il ne semble pas qu'il en ait gardé et tiré une leçon durable. Cochise devra, sans aucun doute, participer à de nombreux concerts avant d'acquérir l'assurance et la sobriété qui lui manque. Plus professionnels et par le fait plus décontractés, les membres du Grease Band n'eurent aucun mal à convaincre un public qui n'attendait qu'eux pour entamer les véritables applaudissements. Peut être aussi le bruit courant du retour du Grease Band aux côtés de Joe Cocker n'a-t-il pas été totalement étranger à cette réaction qui, par instant, se trouvait loin d'être justifiée. Première révélation du concert : Lindisfarne, axé essentiellement sur un folk blues des plus convaincants, souple et sûr, qu'il ne faudra pas perdre de vue. Moins intéressants par le classicisme dont ils parurent être les interprètes, Quintessence et America ne remportèrent pas, auprès de la majorité du public, le succès que certains semblaient attendre. Leurs passages furent mornes et il fallut attendre l'arrivée sur scène du jeune Eugène Wallace pour se défaire de l'idée que rien, jusqu'aux Who, ne pourrait retenir une quelconque attention. Une voix rauque et

bengla desh

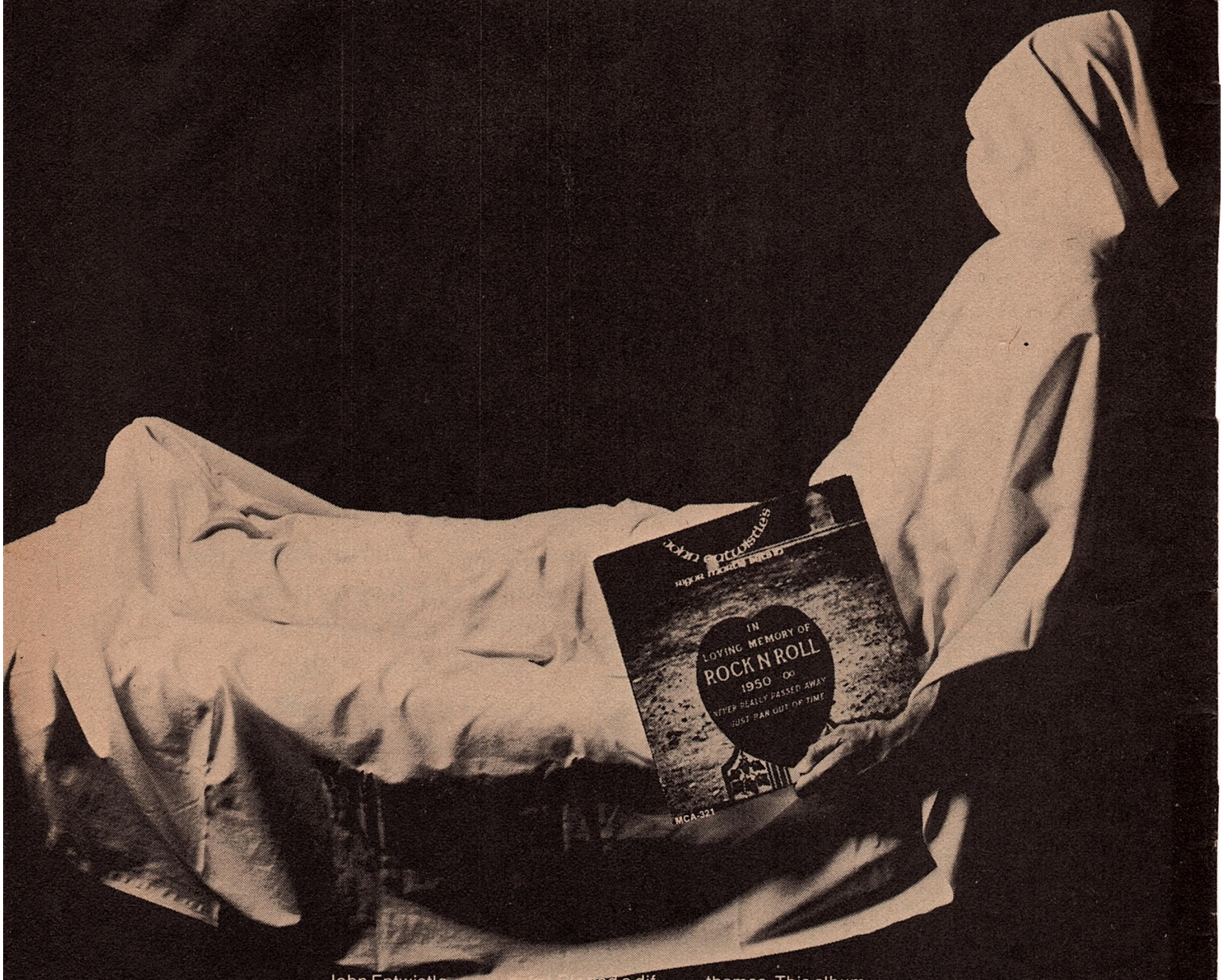
profonde, un jeu de guitare délié, les atouts d'Eugène Wallace sont nombreux et les applaudissements qui saluèrent son passage dénotent bien l'intérêt de ce nouveau venu dont il faut attendre beaucoup. Avec Atomic Rooster, le concert prit enfin forme d'événement. Vincent Crane chante et joue de l'orgue, John Cann chante et, à l'occasion, joue de la guitare, quant à Paul Hammond, c'est lui qui, dans un style des plus étonnants régala l'auditoire d'une batterie toute empreinte de finesse et d'invention. « Nobody else », « Gershatzer », « Death walks behind you », extraits de leur second album, des nouvelles compositions aussi : autant de perfection susceptible de laisser voir en Atomic Rooster un très grand groupe. Avec Atomic Rooster, l'auditeur se sent habité, traversé, emporté plus loin que son être. Et pourtant, rien d'absolument nouveau ne surmonte la musique de ce groupe; l'étrange peut-être...

Nouvelle coqueluche : Mott the Hoople, suivit Atomic Rooster. Mi-hard rock, mi-n'importe quoi, la pauvreté technique et musicale de ce groupe ne l'empêcha cependant pas d'obtenir un certain succès. Là encore le cirque fait tout au long de leur passage en fut, pour une part responsable : batteur debout sur sa batterie cassant sur sa cloche, les unes après les autres, des baguettes qu'un roadie (sans doute préposé à la chose), se faisait un véritable honneur de remplacer et autres jeux de scène surannés plus lamentables qu'admirables. Il allait en être différent au passage de Rod Stewart et des Faces. « Maybe I'm amazed », « It's all over now », « Say you're with me », « I'm losing you », suivis d'autres succès extraits de « Every picture tells a story » : de main de maître, Rod « enleva » son public. Costume des plus « freak », petits escarpins, grande

voix et swing en avant, joyeusement soutenu par les Faces. Figure tonitruante au masque de bébé gentil-mignon, Stewart arrache de son ventre des notes taillées à même le rock. Il est rare de voir et d'entendre un groupe pop jouer aussi bien ensemble, sans la moindre erreur de mise en place, ceci malgré les quelques difficultés à éliminer les larsen et les crachottements d'une sonorisation (celle de la scène) pas toujours à la hauteur. Rappel et rappel encore, retour et départ définitif. Après une bonne heure d'installation de matériel, enfin, resplendissants dans les lumières des projecteurs : Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle, Keith Moon et Pete Townshend. Vêtu de son habituelle combinaison blanche, Townshend s'est livré aux acrobaties physiques et musicales les plus étonnantes; glissandos en tous genres, équilibres précaires, la fantasia des Who allait durer près de deux heures et paraître, comme à chaque fois, trop courte. Après les vieux succès comme « Summertime blues », « My generation », « Substitute », « Magic bus », « Pinball wizard », ce fut aux extraits de leur dernier album « Who's next » que l'atmosphère devint un véritable brasier. « Behind blue eyes », « My wife », « Won't get fooled again », « Baby won't you do it », succès en herbe, créèrent au sein du public une sorte d'extase; des milliers de mains levées en signe de communion rendaient hommage aux Who-dieux du stade. Chaque fois plus énormes et plus prenants, les Who ont encore prouvé qu'ils étaient bien, de tous les groupes, les seuls à garder la même vigueur musicale, le même punch, les mêmes pouvoirs de convaincre et les moyens les plus grands pour tenir, sans lasser personne, une scène pendant deux heures. Fabuleuse, donnant tout et ne laissant rien derrière elle, la vigueur à éclaté, plongeant chacun dans le rêve de puissance, amenant tout le monde à se lever et à scander Magic Bus, à tout applaudir, à ne plus pouvoir entendre sa propre voix. Un bien beau concert.

Al. Sébastien

John Entwistle's Rigor Mortis Sets In.



John Entwistle dubbed the sinister and macabre bass player for the Who, noted for his bilious sense of humor brings you a new band called RIGOR MORTIS on his third solo album.

Each of Entwistle's solo LP's had a different motivation as an impetus for writing —SMASH YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL was an anti-frustration album; WHISTLE RYMES was written again as a release for frustration via his bizarre themes. This album was written as a rock and roll album. Includes "Roller Skate Kate," a new single by John and Rigor Mortis (Tony Ashton, Graham Deakin, Alan Ross.)

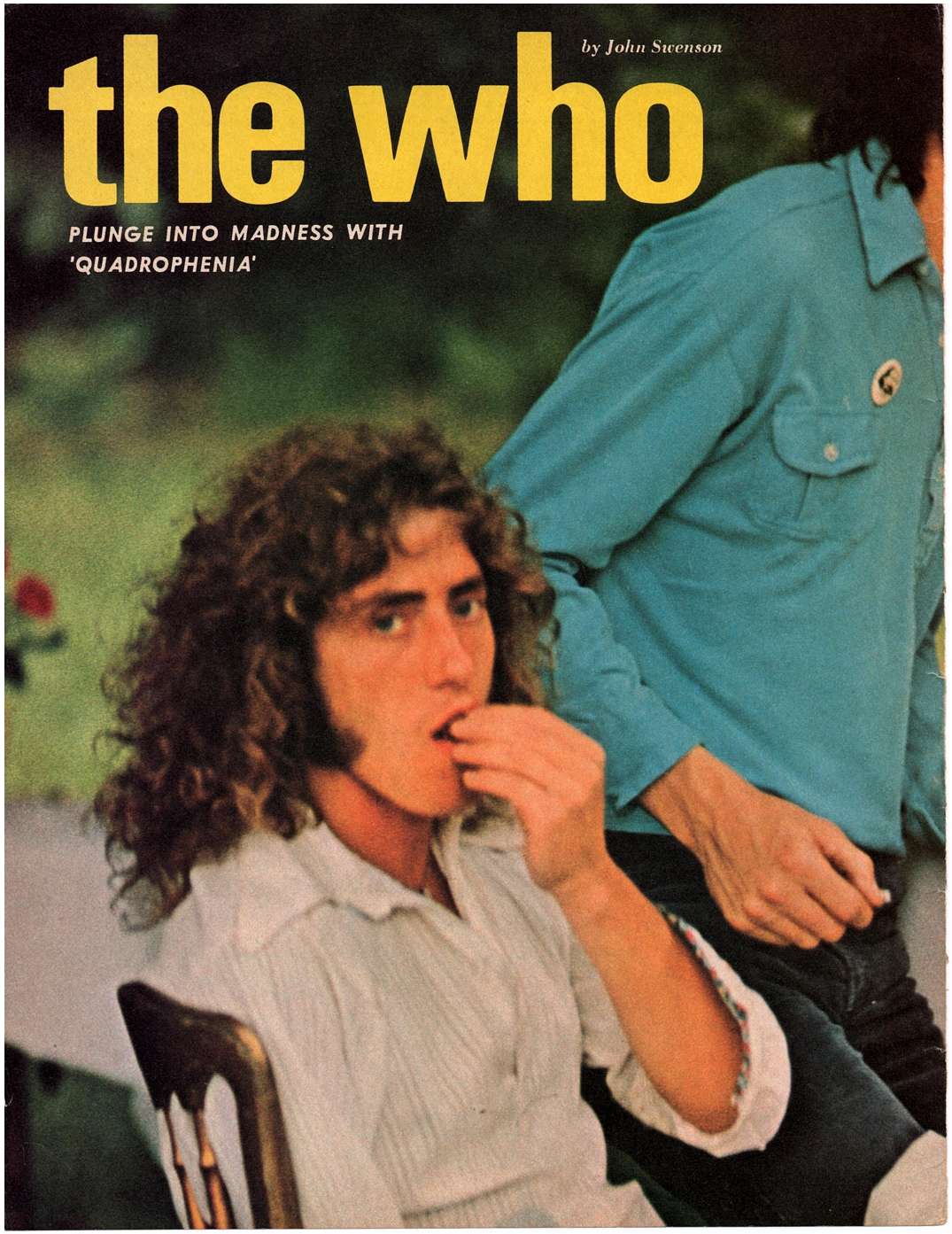
TRACK Record

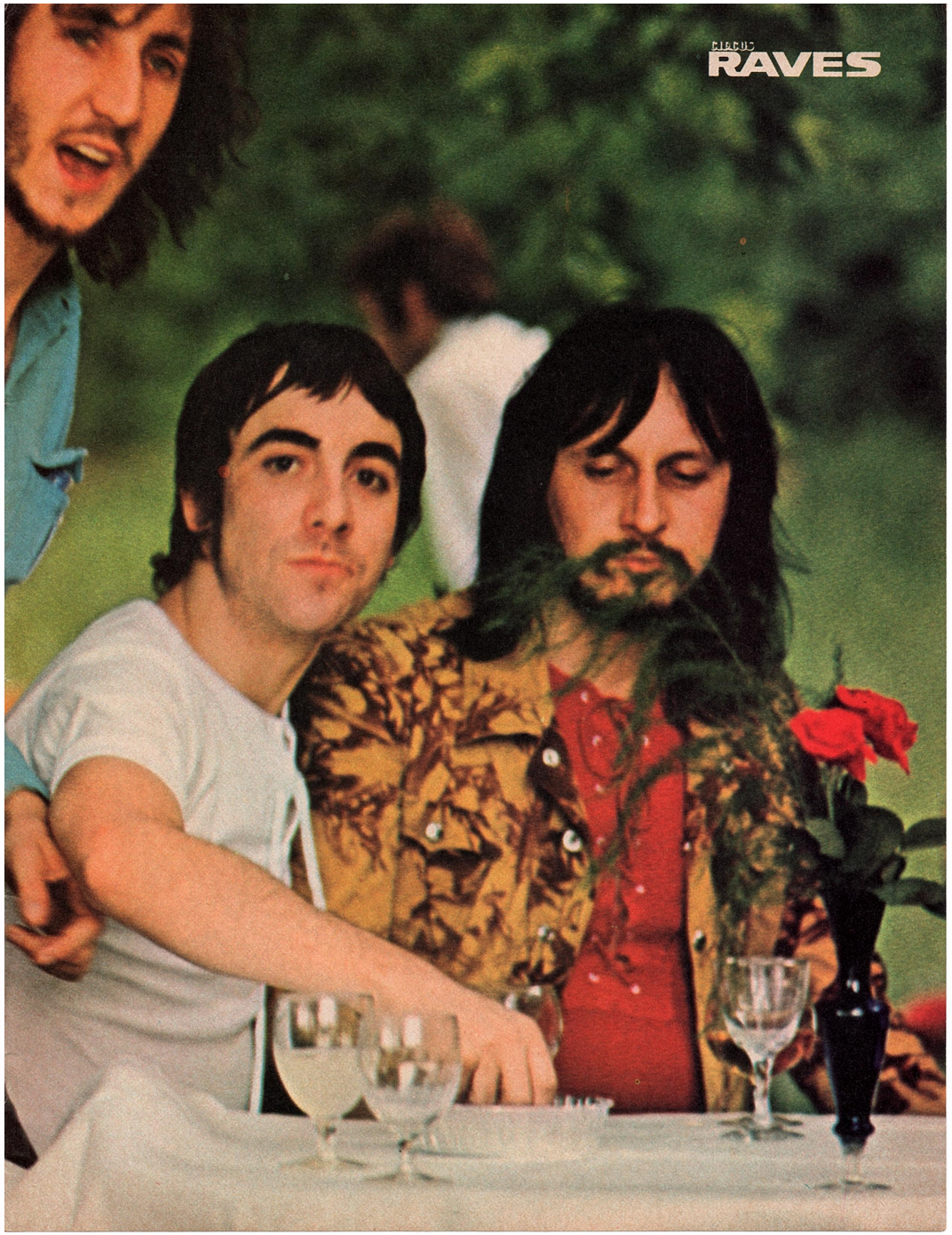
MCA RECORDS

by John Swenson

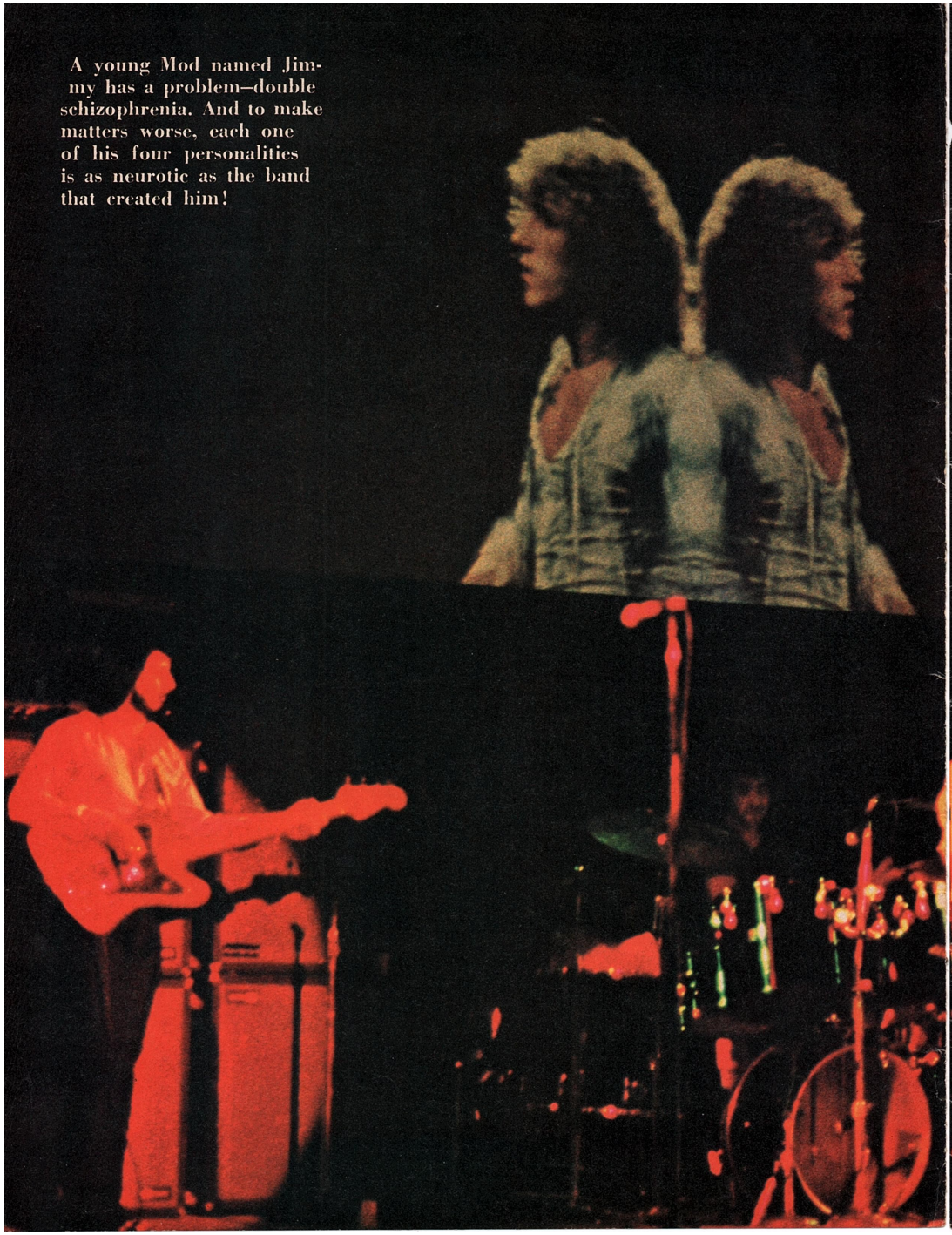
the who

PLUNGE INTO MADNESS WITH 'QUADROPHENIA'





A young Mod named Jimmy has a problem—double schizophrenia. And to make matters worse, each one of his four personalities is as neurotic as the band that created him!



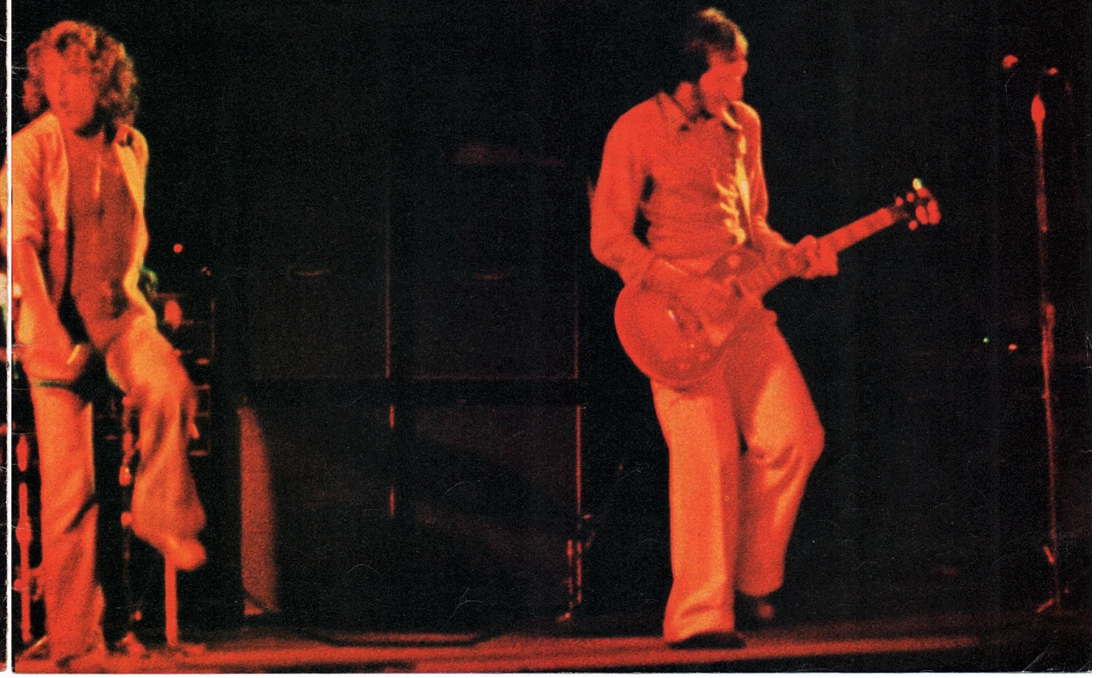
Given the situation that the average life span of a successful rock group is less than two years, the Who have set some kind of an endurance record. This year, they have played together without a switch for over a decade. That doesn't mean that the atmosphere within the group has always been harmonious, though.

Bassist John Entwistle, noted for his dry wit and macabre sensibility, related a story from the earliest days of the group's existence. "One time Keith and I were very late for a gig," he recalled. "By the time we got there Pete and Roger were so angry they were playing with another band. Keith said 'Sorry' to Pete and Pete turned around and smashed him in the face with his guitar, and Keith just walked off. I think the audience would rather have seen that than us playing at the time. This was years ago. So Keith and I left and went home, took the phone off the hook and went to see our managers to tell them that we were through. Somehow we got back together again. That was after Keith had tried to join the Beatles and I'd joined the Moody Blues after they'd thrown their bass player out. Which all happened in the space of three days. In those days we were breaking up every week. It was just so difficult for us to work together because we're so completely different from each other."

Recollections of the turmoil surrounding the early Who couldn't be more appropriate in light of their latest album, *Quadrophenia* (on MCA) is a concept LP that's as much about the Who as it is a story of a mod kid named Jimmy. The inscription on the back cover of the album reads: "This music is dedicated to the kids of Goldhawk Road, Carpenders Park, Forest Hill, Stevenage New Town and to all the people we played to at the Marquee and Brighton Aquarium in the summer of '65". Pete Townshend, the author of those songs, and just about everything else the Who have recorded since, says of *Quadrophenia*: "In a lot of ways this album is going back to the old Who, not in the actual playing, obviously we've progressed a long way since then and could never sound like that again, but in the *feeling* of the songs."

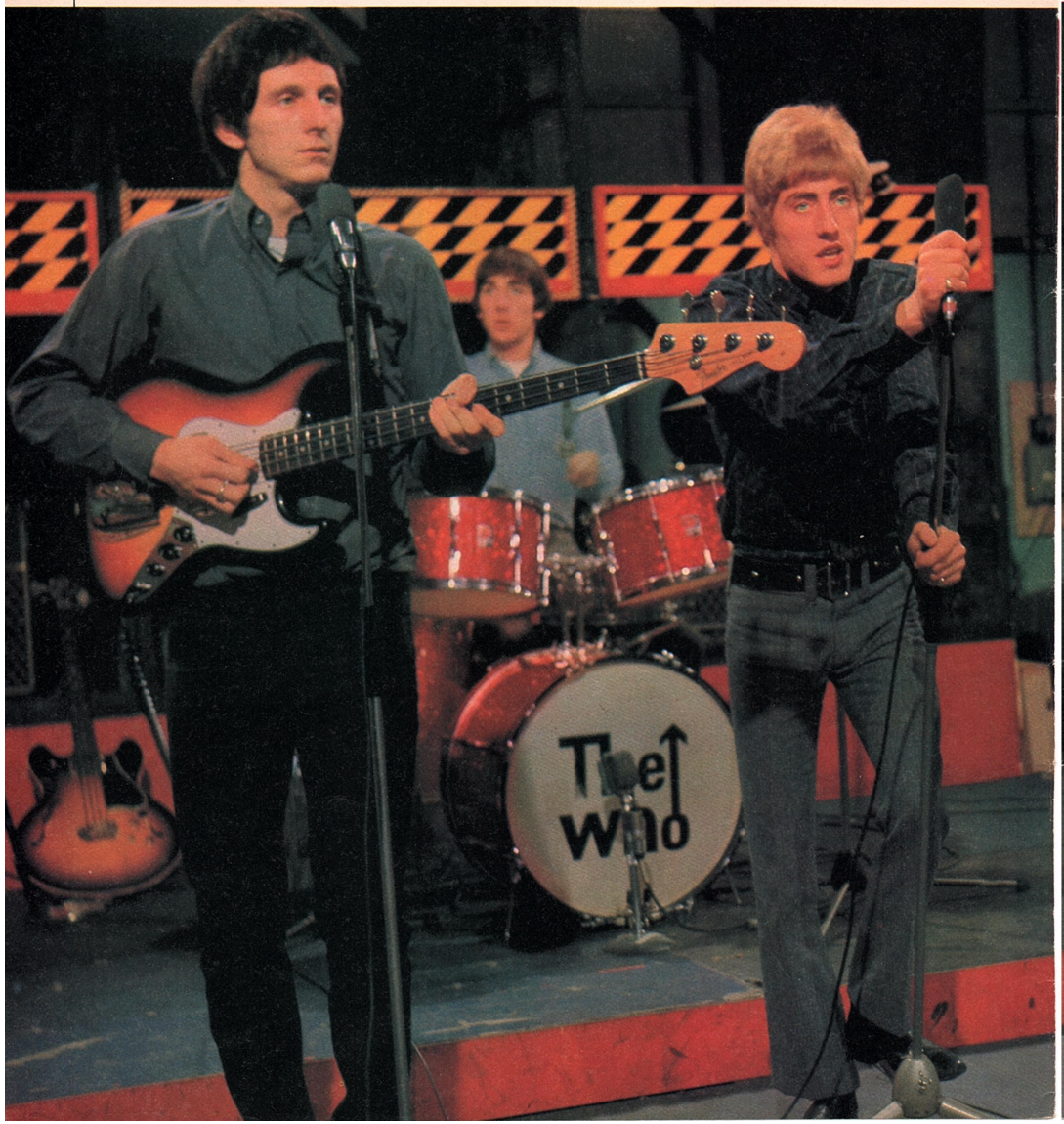
The Detours: Though the Who have been playing as a unit for over a decade, Entwistle, Townshend and Roger Daltrey have been playing together since high school. Entwistle, from Chiswick ("just a gnat's piss from Shepherds' Bush") whose formal musical training is the most sophisticated in the group, began his professional career playing traditional jazz. "I played with Pete since I was 13," he recalled, "he used to play banjo in one of the Dixieland bands I was in while I played trumpet. He disappeared for a while and picked up the guitar. When I was about fifteen we formed another band with him as rhythm guitarist and me as bass guitarist, a drummer and a lead guitarist. Just before I left school I joined Roger's band and after a bit I got Pete in as well. So we weren't really playing too long apart."

Daltrey was a year older than Entwistle and Townshend, and had built up quite a reputation as a roughneck in high school. After being expelled he devoted all his energies to the band he formed with himself on lead guitar, Townshend on rhythm, Entwistle on bass, a drummer and a lead singer. The Detours played local pubs and dance halls for a pittance every night, and loved it. "We were playing whatever was in the top 20 at the time," Roger remembered. "It wasn't a real-



'The Kids Are Alright'—a fan's affectionate look at the Who's career

by David Fricke

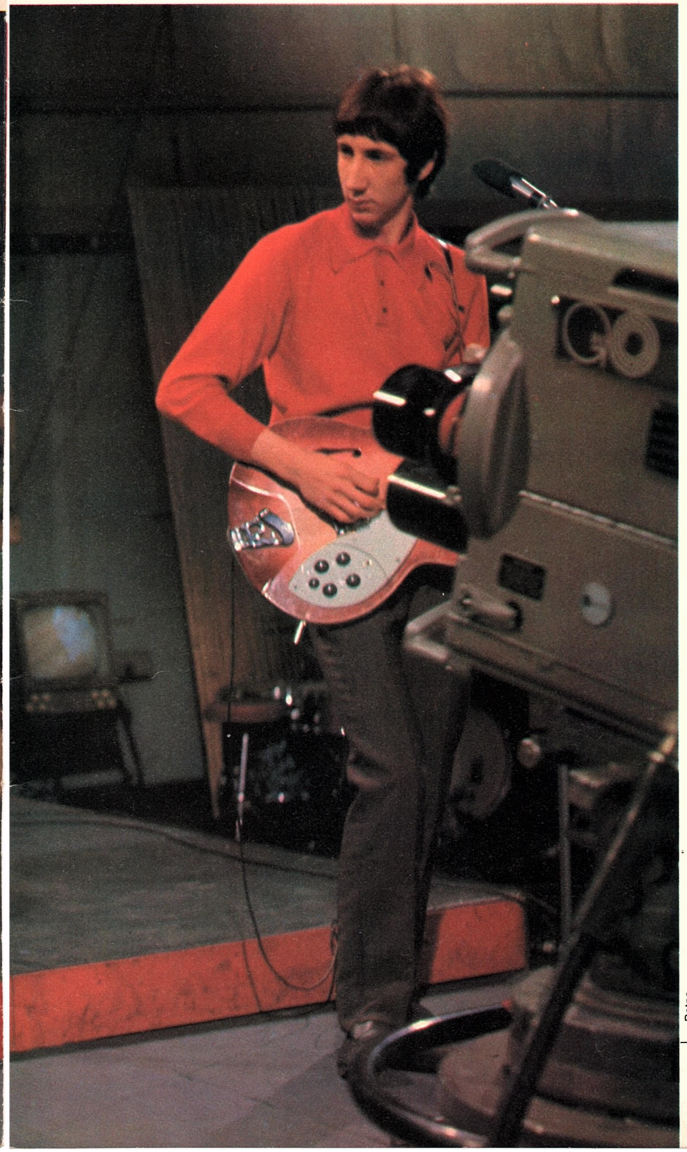


Director Jeff Stein was standing in line at the Los Angeles airport recently, waiting to put the final reel of *The Kids Are Alright* on a plane to New York for a press screening, when he was accosted by a complete stranger.

"I'm standing in line," Stein explains, suppressing a laugh, "and this kid comes up to me and says 'What's that you've got?' I said, 'It's just a reel of film.' And he says 'That can't be *The Kids Are Alright*, can it?' I said yes and he screams 'Oh, God, I'm flying to New York to see it!' "

Such is the response Stein hopes to elicit from fellow fans of the Who when they see *The Kids Are Alright*, Stein's documentary feature about and homage to Peter Townshend, John Entwistle, Roger Daltrey, and the late Keith Moon and their accomplishments of the last 15 years. A raving Who fanatic, Stein—a native of New York's Westchester County now in his mid-20's—has devoted the last four years of his life to *The Kids Are Alright*, hunting down footage, raising money, hassling with lawyers, and coping with the attitudes and objections of the Who themselves.

The actual footage is an astonishingly comprehensive compilation of concerts (including Monterey Pop and Woodstock), TV appearances, promo films, interviews, and recording sessions reaching as far back as their early R&B days as the High Numbers to the sessions for "Who Are You" and Keith Moon's last gig, a secret 1978 show staged by the band at Shepperton Film Studios so Stein could shoot a few more numbers.



Reina

From young angry Mods to mature rock artists: 'The Kids Are Alright' traces history according to the Who.

MOVIES

The result is every Who fan's dream. As one such fan remarked coming out of that New York screening, "How could it be bad? It's the Who." But to his credit, Stein—in his first-ever stint as director—has successfully transcended his own love and adoration for the Who and made a rock & roll film which Townshend prophetically described in a 1971 interview as "a film which includes the audience and which includes the breakthrough, includes the revolution, includes the spiritual calling out to people."

The Kids wasn't even a twinkle in Townshend's eye when he said that, but Stein obviously knew what Townshend—the Who's conceptual mastermind—wanted in a film, although he's a little more modest in retrospect. "It certainly isn't a puff piece or just a fan's movie. I think this is one of the few rock & roll films that is really *truthful*, about the development of a band, their conflicts, and their true feelings about each other."

The film itself was one of those conflicts. In an effort to maintain total control over the film and any profits, the Who decided to financially back the film themselves, leaving them with a production bill of two million dollars for a film originally budgeted at $250,000. There was, for Stein, the problem of

catching the Who between concert tours, recording sessions, and individual projects during production. And ironically, for the Who, there was the problem of Stein. In a recent *Circus Weekly* interview conducted before the film's completion, Roger Daltrey expressed some concern about Stein and his inexperience as a director.

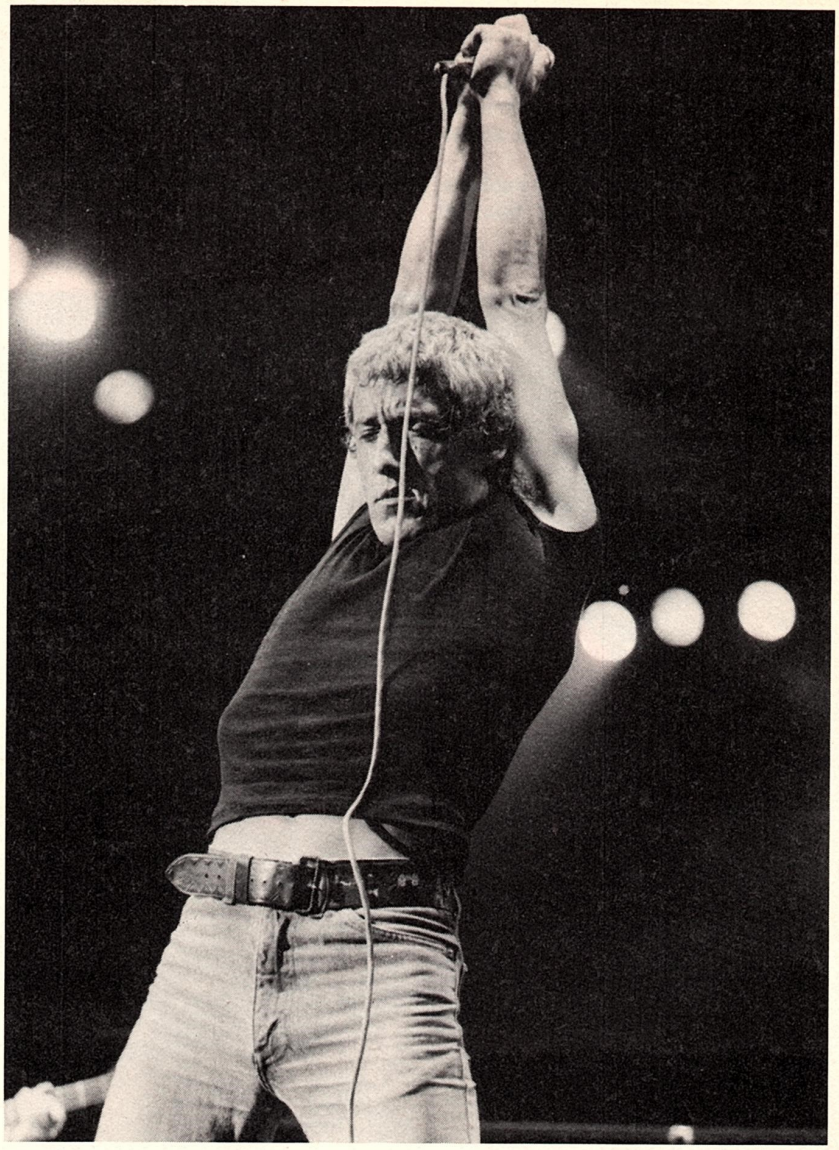
"The last time I saw it [the film] I didn't like it at all. It was so unfinished I can't really say. But I must be honest and say it needed to go a long way. And one of the problems is that Jeff Stein is an amateur. Films need direction and one of the things I didn't like about it was that it didn't have any."

Stein replies that "to tell you the truth, Roger and I always had the most conflicts within the band. I think Roger felt I was Pete's boy and thought Pete would look better in the film than he would. But as Bill Curbishley, their manager, told me, 'Roger looked like a god in the stuff you shot.' And you can't do much better than that."

Though inexperienced as a film director, Jeff Stein has impeccable credentials as a photographer and Who fan. He was first bitten by the Who bug at age 10 in 1965—the year of "My Generation"—and later had his first professional photographs of the Who published in *Circus*. In 1973, he published a photo-album of Who shots, became friendly with the band, particularly Townshend, and in 1975 compiled a *Tommy* scrapbook at Townshend's prodding. The book, *The Story of Tommy*, was eventually published in 1977.

He proposed the idea of a Who documentary to Townshend at the New York premiere of Ken Russell's *Tommy* in March of '75. There was considerable discussion at the beginning of whether Stein was qualified to be the director, to which he replied "You can get somebody that might be more technically proficient, but you're not going to get anyone who understands the subject better."

Nor would the Who have found anyone as dedicated to the digging for Who footage as Stein. He turned up one piece of 8mm film showing the band circa '67 putting on their makeup before a show. He found footage of the band doing a rave-up "Young Man Blues" at a London concert in a garbage can. But his most determined and rewarding search was for the never-broadcast Rolling Stones *Rock & Roll Circus*, a 1969 TV film in which the Who perform Townshend's mini-opera "A Quick One While He's Away." According to Stein, for two years no one, not even the Stones, could locate the film. And when he finally got it, Stein and his editor Ed Rothkowitz had to clean up the original negative. "There were hairs in the gates of the camera when they shot it. But we cleaned most of it out."



Liaison

'The Kids' isn't the only new film featuring Daltrey. He'll soon star as English convict John McVicar.

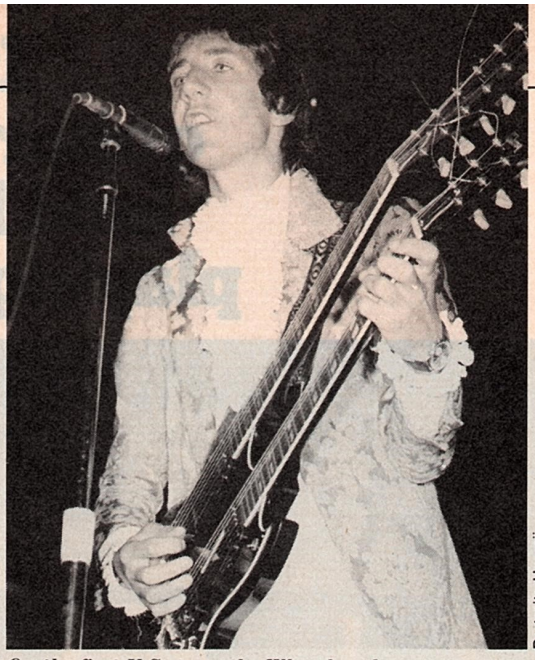
If *The Kids Are Alright* will seem to Who fans to be a 15-year look at the '60s and '70s through the eyes of four young toughs from the Shepherds Bush section of London, to the Who it's a lot like home movies. Daltrey remembers with relish their 1967 appearance on the Smothers Brothers TV show, on which they did their "My Generation" destructo bit with an explosion that was, in Roger's words, "really heavy. It blew the drums to smithereens, Keith had a bit of shrapnel in his arm, and Pete's hair stood on end, frizzled by the blast."

The others got just as much a charge from a preliminary 17-minute film put together before production. Cracks Stein, "they were all on the floor, screaming and crying with laughter. Roger's wife knocked over a coffee table she was laughing so hard on."

One of Stein's pointers for watching *The Kids Are Alright* is "watch Keith closely, *always*." Because to see him send an interviewer into hysterics by taking off his socks on TV and drive to a recording session in a flaming firetruck is to realize just how much rock misses one of its premier drummers and jokesters. But Townshend has the right attitude. As he told Stein, "even if Keith hadn't died, this film would be a tear-jerker."

Four mods who grew up– A pictorial history of the Who

The Who as young Mods circa "My Generation"—15 years later, the song remains a teen anthem.



Portraits-Hawaii

On the first U.S. tour, the Who played package shows, doing 15-minute sets, six times a day.

Neil Zlowzower

Townshend in mid-leap—on stage, the Who have always been one of rock's most exciting attractions.

Robert Ellis

In 1973, the Who issued 'Quadrophenia,' Townshend's operatic evocation of Britain's Mod era.

Chuck Pulin

At 34, Peter Townshend is roundly recognized as a respected pop spokesman.

Richard E. Aaron/Thunder Thumbs

Roger Daltrey—now minus those curls—was a sheetmetal worker and street punk before the Who.

Rex Features Ltd.

Moon "the Loon" may be gone, but his drumming and hilarious pranks are preserved in the 'Kids' film.

Liaison/Angeli

The Who enter a new era with ex-Face Kenny Jones in Moon's drum seat. Jones is also an ex-Mod.

11 dead in Ohio: Anatomy of a rock tragedy

by David Fricke

IN THE NEWS

A young man shielded his candle and held a placard that said "We will miss our friends" at a memorial service in front of Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum the night after a Who concert there. The "friends" were the eleven Who fans, aged 15 to 21, who died December 3 in a wild stampede by ticketholders outside the Coliseum anxious to get good seats to see the British rock group in concert that night.

Eight more people were seriously injured, dozens of others treated at local hospitals, and a rock & roll world, stricken with grief and confusion, groped for the answers. How did 18,000 young people just out for a good time and good music turn into an uncontrollable mob? Whose fault was it? And most importantly, does the potential for this kind of tragedy exist at other concert halls in the country?

At presstime, the theories and accusations were as thick as the lawsuits sure to follow. But this much was known. All 18,348 tickets for the Who show in Cincinnati promoted by Electric Factory Concerts, a Philadelphia concert promotion firm, had sold out on the first day of sale. Of those tickets, only 3,000 to 4,000 were reserved seats. The rest were sold as "festival seating," that is general admission on a first-come first-served seating basis.

Ticketholders started lining up outside Riverfront Coliseum by mid-afternoon the day of the show. The doors, scheduled to open at 6 P.M., did not open until just past 7 P.M. The Who had reportedly been running behind schedule with their soundcheck, but Who manager Bill Curbishley told the *New York Times* that the band had finished its soundcheck at the time agreed upon with the promoter, implying that what the fans gathered outside heard was recorded music playing over the P.A.

Thinking the show had already started, the fans—reportedly numbering about 2,000—rushed the doors after one plate glass door had been broken. Coliseum security opened two doors, not enough to accomodate the stampeding crowd running for those general admission seats.

A half hour later police found the first body. City and hall officials allowed the show to go on, fearing even greater panic if it was cancelled. But the Who were not informed of the tragedy until after they had completed their three-hour performance.

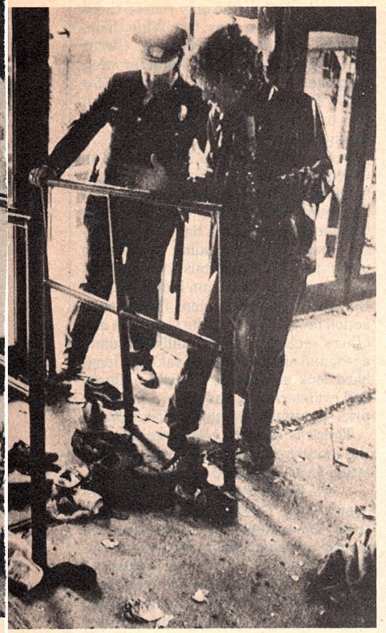
In trying to determine what happened and why, officials and industry observers have focused on four things—the doors were opened an hour late; the horde of fans was too close to the coliseum's plate glass doors; not enough doors were opened and there were too few security personnel to accomodate the crowd; and the general admission seating policy.

Apportioning blame is something else. Curbishley was quoted as saying that "anybody who earns an income from the Who has some responsibility," but much of that responsibility has been laid at the feet of the promoter, Electric Factory, and the Coliseum management for not maintaining adequate security to keep the growing crowd of eager fans in order and away from the doors and conduct a safe orderly entry into the hall. (Circus Magazine contacted Electric Factory Concerts for comment, but no spokesman for the organization was available.) That security became even more imperative because it was a general admission show, creating an even greater anxiety among ticketholders afraid they wouldn't get the best seats and floor positions available after waiting as long as six hours.

Charlie Brusco, manager of the Outlaws who had played the Riverfront Coliseum only three weeks before the incident, emphasizes that it's not the group's job to "devise security situations for them. Each individual hall knows what their problems are, knows how early the crowd shows up for their things. It wasn't a surprise. The hall sold 18,000 tickets the day the show went on sale. They knew the people were going to be there. They didn't make provisions for what was going on."

What provisions were made and who made them? When a concert promoter like Electric Factory books a hall for a show, it is usually the hall's obligation—according to Larry Rubin, press agent for the 19,000 seat Spectrum in Philadelphia where Electric Factory also produces shows—"to the promoter to provide the building, security, ushers, ticket-takers, that kind of thing." But officials at Riverfront Coliseum told Cincinnati police that for the Who show Electric Factory agreed to hire, in addition to the hall's security personnel, an off-duty police detail of 22 officers and three supervisors. But even if that was enough—at the Cleveland Who concert three days later hall officials upped their security contingent from 120 to 145—there is the very real possibility they didn't do the job as best they could.

"Big John" Harte, head of tour security for Kiss, simply says "they let them [the kids] get too close to the doors." He also strikes a parellel with a recent Kiss show in Lakeland, Florida where "the kids started showing up at 8 A.M. We didn't anticipate that, so the security



Wide World

The scene was not a pretty one—clothes, shoes, and bodies strewn on the ground outside Riverfront Coliseum.

Ebet Roberts

The Who (Daltrey and Townshend in action here) went on to play Buffalo, dedicating the show to the 11 dead.

we set up outside wasn't adequate. So the hall called me, I came down, and we set up barricades. We didn't let the kids get near the glass doors and when we *did* open the doors, we opened them before the kids could get near them."

One of the most alarming things about the Cincinnati incident is that both the promoter and the hall were experienced in this sort of concert production. Electric Factory had promoted about 150 rock shows, many of them general admission, at the Riverfront Coliseum in the hall's four years of business. And in Philadelphia, the firm had produced over 800 concerts at the Spectrum, according to Larry Rubin, "without any problem." The Who were scheduled to play two shows at the Spectrum in an Electric Factory promotion a week after the Cincinnati incident, again with the majority of seats sold as general admission, but Rubin insisted the Spectrum could handle the situation effectively.

"We've put in crowd control railings at all the entrances, which means people cannot get here early and get up to the door. We've arranged with the police to put up barricades to create a guidance system where they're lined up and back away from the building. That way they go right along the barricade and into the crowd control rails which create sort of a corridor and they come right into the turnstile. In Cincinnati, you have to go over a walkway, through a door, into a vestibule, and *then* through a turnstile. We also man all the exits. They did not man all the exits."

But is it enough, in Philadelphia or anywhere else? One of the interested parties in the concert security business are the insurance underwriters who arrange protection policies for promoters and artists. Because the companies base their rates on actual damages and injuries, those rates are an important barometer of conditions, and the fact that those rates have steadily risen over the past year should have been a red flag. "Whenever you have a young crowd, hard rock and booze and drugs in combination, there is a heightened risk," said a spokesman for one of the major companies specializing in entertainment business.

The possibility of an incident like the one in Cincinnati was also raised almost two years ago in a deposition given by Peter Wertimer—a former employee of both Electric Factory and a Philadelphia rival concert promotion firm Midnight Sun—in connection with litigation between the two companies. In describing "what was referred to euphemistically as a dance concert" or general admission show at the Spectrum, he testified that "what would happen is that the most fanatic of followers of the attractions to be presented would arrive up to two and three hours beforehand and at the point—usually about an hour before concert time when the doors were to be opened—there would

BACK PAGES

by Lou O'Neill Jr.

Tragedy in Cincinnati . . . But who's responsible?

"WE DON'T REALLY BLAME ANYBODY—but remember, somebody somewhere has to assume the mantle of responsibility so that *something* is done." These were the somber words of Peter Townshend, founding member and leader of the Who, after the worst tragedy in the history of rock.

How ironic, how weird. We said goodbye to the '60s with Altamont and one murder and now the '70s will forever be etched in music history as the time when things went just "one step too far."

How could it have happened? It is difficult to comprehend how human beings could stomp their brothers and sisters to death, and yet, that is exactly what came down at a Who concert held on Dec. 3, 1979 at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum.

How could it have happened indeed?

Well, I'll tell you how it happened, my friends. Concert sponsors decided it would be a good idea if there was "festival seating," you know, first-come-first-served. Can you believe this? At a Who concert no less, the promoter put the best seats up to those who got there first. Now this is not to excuse the way concert goers behaved in Cincinnati. It was an exhibition of the human spirit at its worst

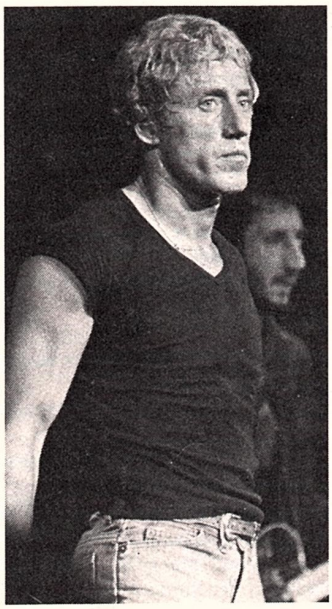
But who's going to see the Who? Not Boy Scouts, and you don't have to be Einstein to figure out that the sharpshooters are gonna muscle up to the front of the line, do you? It is inconceiveable to us how any responsible individual could present the Who in concert and not insist upon a reserved ticket policy. At least that way you have an assigned seat no matter what time you arrive and if the wise guy who's occupying it offers a hassle when you show up the usher is there to kick his ass out fast.

There were so many things apparently done wrong at the Who's Cincinnati concert.

No. 1: General admission. The first to get to a spot claims it for the entire concert. What do you really think dyed-in-the-wool Who fans are going to do? At an indoor rock show this policy can be dangerous. Then, you only bother to open two gates.

(Photo by Garry R. Tausinger/Rock Wire Service)

John Entwistle in action: Worst rock tragedy ever.



(Photo by Garry R. Tausinger/Rock Wire Service)

Roger Daltrey: Dedicated Buffalo show to the dead 11.

No. 2: Reportedly only twenty-five policemen were assigned to the Coliseum. Twenty-five men for 18,000 rock fans and who knows how many thousands more trying to buy scalped tickets. Divide 18,000 by 25 you'll see that each cop was supposed to control 720 rock fans if things started getting crazy.

No. 3: Many kids were waiting five hours outside in the blistering December cold. Can you imagine how much whiskey was gulped, how many joints were smoked and how many downs were dropped? Yet hour after hour the fans had to wait and while they're waiting, everyone realized that whoever got in there first would claim those front seats. Why not yell fire in a packed theater?

No. 4: The Who was late for a sound check and *no* one was allowed into the facility until that sound check was completed. No, the Who is not blameless and I'm sure Townshend would be the first to admit that.

Look at the cover of this Circus. The '80s are reality. They're here! The old ways must change. I don't care who says otherwise, a band *should* have a responsibility to see that seats are reserved and not awarded on muscle. Artists know the kind of "devotion" their fans are likely to exhibit. This is no secret or surprise. The Who, for example, has been rocking us for 15 years or so. Precisely because Townshend and Company *are* the superstars they are, security should have been air-tight around the entire complex.

After hearing of the incident, Daltrey was quoted as follows: "It's gonna be murder (the next day's concert). I'm gonna play for those 11 kids. There's nothing you can really say, nothing at all, but I would really like to tell the parents of those kids I'm sorry."

Then Townshend was heard to remark, "I want to crawl into a hole in the ground."

Rock mega-stars must wake up. They're not like you and me. They hold sway over an entire generation and, with all the fun, all the dough, and partying, there is very definitely a responsibility that goes with it. Just because a promoter can save a few bucks by lax security and festival seating, does not mean a band *has* to go along with it.

Responsible parties can say 'I'm sorry' as much as they want, but that doesn't change the fact that 11 of our brothers and sisters went to see the Who on a cold Monday night in Cincinnati and paid for the pleasure with their lives. Try explaining that to a mother or father.

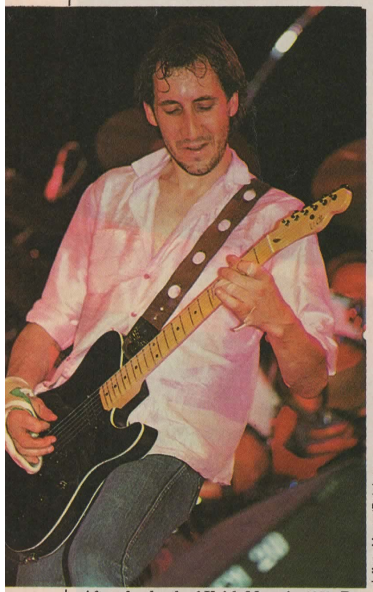
And what does it say about your generation and that the awful scene actually occurred? They can laugh about the '60s all they want, but believe me, people seemed to love one another and care for one another back then. And that's what we're missing today. A simple four letter word called love.

The Who part two

by Philip Bashe

1972

Having scored the triumph of *Who's Next*, the Who shift to neutral, biding their time as Townshend assembles ideas for his next Big Project. Most of 1972 is devoted to individual efforts: Townshend's *Who Came First*; Entwistle's *Whistle Rhymes* and *Rigor Mortis Sets In* (issued in '73), and Daltrey's self-titled debut, the first solo disc fully to break out of the Who mold. *Daltrey*'s nine songs are written by David Courtney and Adam Faith, and Courtney and a then unknown songwriter named Leo Sayer. Out in spring '73, it enables the singer to show off a refinement not often applicable to the strum and scream of

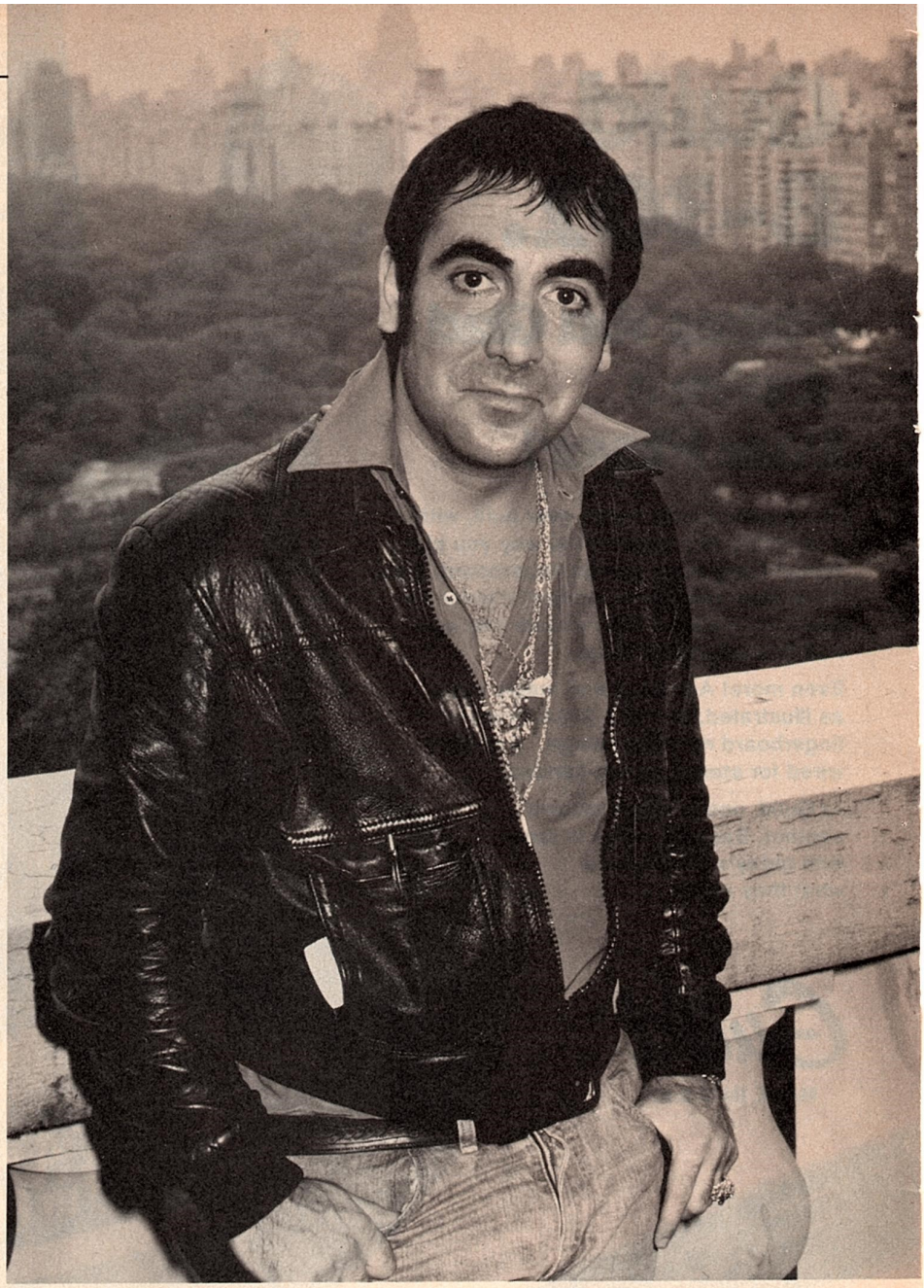


Jeffrey Mayer/Rainbow

After the death of Keith Moon in 1978, Pete Townshend issued a statement: "We are more determined than ever to carry on."

Jeffrey Mayer/Rainbow

The new Who: (l.-r.) Kenney Jones, Pete Townshend, John Entwistle and Roger Daltrey.



The beat goes out: CIRCUS photographer Glenn Brown took one of the last shots of Keith in New York on August 7.

Keith Moon Dead at 31

'Things They Do Look Awful Cold, Hope I Die Before I Get Old...'

by Stan Soocher

With Peter Townshend flailing his guitar overhead, Roger Daltrey high-stepping and twirling his vocal mike, Keith Moon drumming like a high-powered locomotive, and John Entwhistle hovering mysteriously over his bass, the Who always hit the stage like no other band in history. But offstage it was the antics of Keith Moon that epitomized the rock & roll spirit of the Who. Now that he is dead, at 31, rock has lost its favorite comic son.

Keith Moon died on September 7, 1978, at his apartment in London after attending Paul McCartney's premiere party for *The Buddy Holly Story* in the West End at the beginning of Buddy Holly Week. Keith had announced his engagement to girlfriend Annette-Water-Lax and they left early. After taking his prescribed sedatives and sleeping three hours, Keith woke up and had breakfast. Then he took more sedatives and succumbed in his sleep. Annette's attempts to revive him failed. He died in the same Mayfair apartment complex where Mama Cass choked to death in 1974.

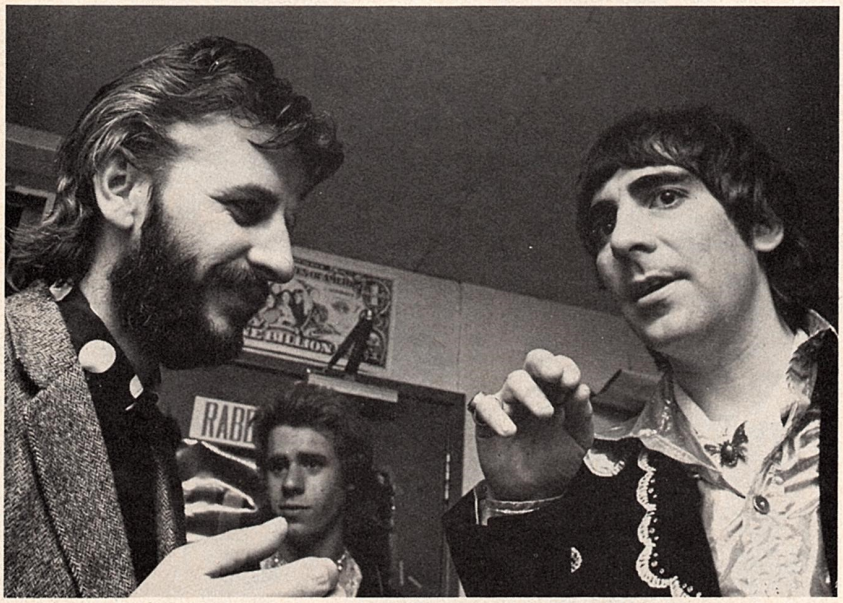
At the time of his death, Keith Moon was divorced from his wife, Kim, whom he married when he was 19. They had one daughter, Amanda Jane, age 11.

Just a few short weeks ago, swinging a glass of brandy around, Keith charged into a Navarro Hotel suite in New York City in the middle of an intense interview with Peter Townshend. Wearing a bright red shirt, black leather jacket, and decorated with assorted medallions and rings, Keith settled on the couch and ironically laughed, "Don't mind me. Pretend I'm not here." But Keith was not easily missed in a room and he was instantly likeable.

Talking about his supposed triumph over demon alcohol, Keith was nevertheless soused. In fact, he almost bragged, "My theatrical drumming started by going on stage drunk. I'm an exhibitionist and I'm prone to attack."

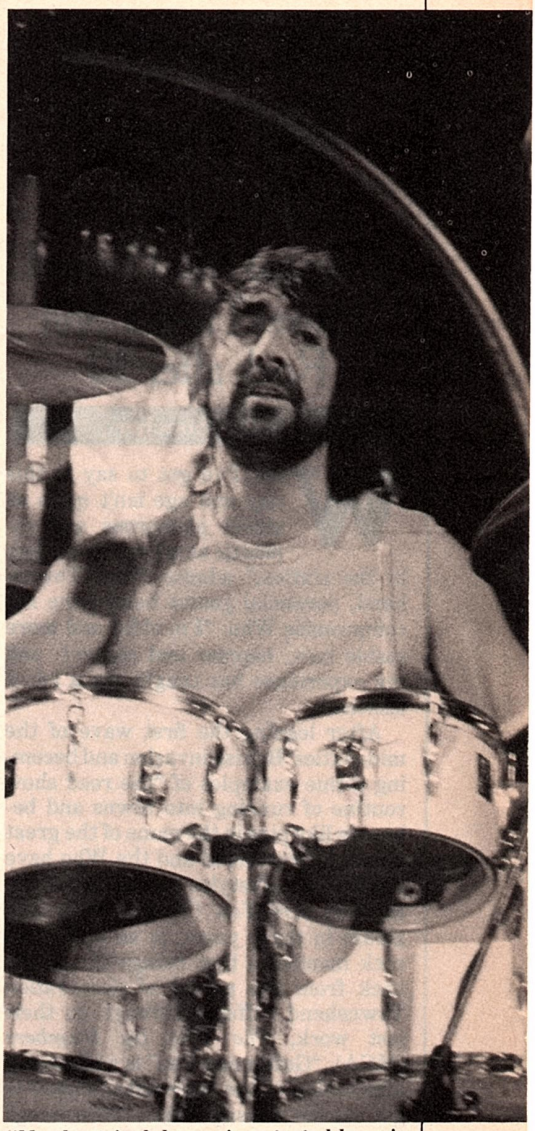
Keith Moon was born on August 23, 1947, in Wembley, North London. He had black hair and brown eyes and grew to 5'9". He attended Harrow Tech and was an electrician trainee, but found his way as a drummer into the surf-oriented Beachcombers. At 17 in 1964, Keith caught the early Who at the Oldfield Hotel in Greenford. Drunk, he ap-

Happier days a decade ago with Roger Daltrey, John Entwistle and Pete Townshend. Divorce, dissolution, and finally death lay ahead.



Richard Creamer

Moon with fellow drummer Ringo Starr, for whose son he once bought a birthday drum kit: "Ringo got mad at me . . . he doesn't want his son to be a drummer too."



M.J. Baum

"My theatrical drumming started by going on stage drunk," Keith said. "I'm an exhibitionist and I'm prone to attack."

proached the bandstand, pushed his way into a quick audition, broke drummer Doug Sanden's 20-year-old bass drum pedal, and ended up in the group.

Even though he was possibly the greatest drummer rock produced, Moon was apparently surprised that anyone could be influenced by his fluid, dynamic playing. Pulling at his sideburns, he admitted at the Navarro, "I went to Ringo Starr's recently. I wanted to bring his teenage son Zak a new drum set for his birthday. When I got there, Zak was playing with the headphones on, and I could hear 'My Generation.' But Ringo got mad at me because he doesn't want his son to be a drummer, too."

Through the years, Keith collided with one accident after another. In 1973 he wound up in a Surrey hospital after a pellet from a magic wand grazed his stomach during a rehearsal for a Who tour. Then he collapsed twice onstage at the Cow Palace in San Francisco after being dosed with angel dust. Later, he was operated on for an abcess at the base of his spine after a double somersault and jackknife ended in a back flop at a guest spot with Sha Na Na.

In 1975, Keith recorded a solo album, *Two Sides of the Moon* (MCA). Guest players included Ringo, Harry Nilsson, Flo and Eddie, and Joe Walsh. John Lennon contributed "Move Over Ms. L" to the album and Keith covered Brian Wilson's "Don't Worry, Baby." Although he didn't write any material for *Two Sides of the Moon*, Keith penned "Tommy's Holiday Camp," "Cobwebs and Strange," and "I Need You" for the Who. He also appeared in several films, including *Stardust*, *That'll Be the Day*, and as Uncle Ernie in *Tommy*.

He listed Peter Sellers, Monty Python, Woody Allen, and Mel Brooks' film The *Producers* as inspirations for his comic bent. Once, at his own birthday party, Keith drove a Cadillac into a swimming pool. He also loved to dress in wild costumes such as a gold lamé gown, black wig, and heavily padded bra. One of his pets was a three-legged donkey, and the tales of his hotel room-trashing can never be exaggerated.

Keith said, "My body is 31, but my mind feels like it's 19." But, as the Who's anthem "My Generation" predicted, Keith Moon, rock's most celebrated jester, died before he got old.

M.J. Baum Insert: Glenn Brown

Rockstar prototype Roger Daltrey with John Entwistle in the Who's heyday.

Inset, latter-day loons Keith and Pete: "The pressures were getting too great," Townshend recalls, looking back.

like Elvis then because I only knew 'Love Me Tender.' I loved the Everly Brothers' 'Wake Up Little Susie' and 'Lucille.' I also listened to trad jazz [Dixieland in the U.S.], Ricky Nelson with James Burton on lead guitar, and the blues of Jimmy Reed and John Lee Hooker."

Peter Dennis Blandford Townshend was born at Chiswick Hospital, West London in 1945, and his father was in an Air Force band. Peter started playing banjo at Acton Grammar School in a band called the Confederates with Who bassist John Entwistle on trumpet, and his first public appearance was at the Acton Congo Club when he was fifteen.

The Who as the High Numbers were discovered in London's Railway Tavern by filmmakers Kit Lambert and Chris Stamp in 1964 where Peter was smashing his guitar into the ceiling.

"We recorded the entire first album at the IBC Studios in six hours," Townshend marvels. "It wasn't our club act, but we spent a week rehearsing. Kit Lambert shaped the songs, got rid of the lousy verses, and coached Roger's vocals. Then we went in, laid it on a plate, and Shel Talmy gave us our sound. Nicky Hopkins and Jimmy Page backed us up on the instrumentals."

The rewards of their early success included a spot on the *Ready, Steady, Go* television rock show and a chance to appear with the Beatles in Blackpool. "We only played with the Beatles once and we were star struck," Peter chuckles. "We went on just before them and for our last number we did 'My Generation.' The Beatles played along with us from behind the curtain."

Then "I Can't Explain" hit big in the United States, which the Who assaulted with a series of all-out rockers like "I Can See For Miles" and "Magic Bus." Their propensity for living life on the edge was evident even then.

"Mick Jagger and Keith Richards were busted for drugs in 1967," Keith Moon recalls. "The Who recorded their songs "The Last Time' and 'Under My Thumb' as a gesture of support with the profits going to their legal fund. I went out and bought a hundred broom handles and a bunch of cardboard and made signs that said, 'Free Mick and Keith.' I gave them out to the crowd in front of the courthouse from my Bentley."

The Who's first appearance in the United States was in Murray the K's Easter Show at Brooklyn's Fox Theater doing four sets a day. Their big American break came at the Monterey Pop Festival which they followed up with a stunning performance at Woodstock in 1969. Then they released the concept album, *Tommy* (MCA), written mostly by Townshend, which the critics compared favorably with *Sgt. Pepper*. In *Tommy*, Townshend's belief in the teachings of guru Meher Baba were transformed into a parable of human redemption through rock music.

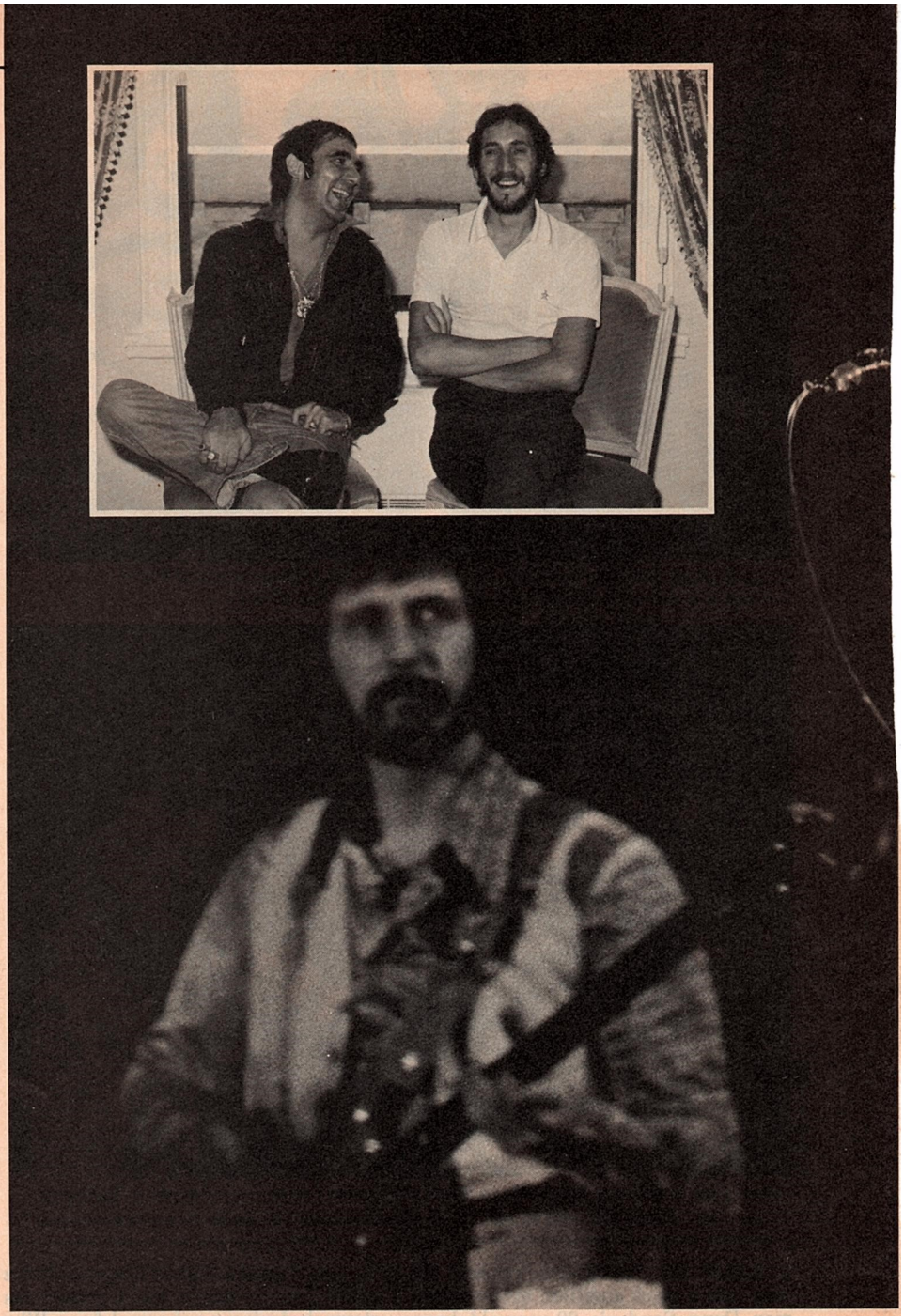
Townshend's next concept album for the Who, *Quadrophenia* (MCA), in 1973 caused a rift between himself and Daltrey over production quality. *The Who By Numbers* reflected Townshend's bitterness which he has largely resolved with *Who Are You*, especially on "Music Must Change": "It may have been done before, but the music's an open door."

"*The Who By Numbers* was a string of tracks that were powerful in a negative way," Peter says. "Since then I've been writing songs that are more positive, but still rough and ready. I may not be a punk anymore, but rock is a revolution hardly begun. And the Who is always looking for dynamite. I knew when the tape machine exploded in the studio half-way through *Who Are You*, that it was going to be a great album."

Who's Who?

The Sixties' Original Mod Squad Proves There's Still Rock after 30

by Stan Soocher



"What I've got to say in this day and age isn't quite as street glamorous and romantic as what I had to say in the sixties," admits Peter Townshend, perennial genius behind the no-compromise Who. "I'm older and more stable now, happier and content, and my experience has taught me a lot of lessons."

After leading the first wave of the mid-sixties' British invasion and becoming prime examples of "the road show routine of running into towns and behaving like pigs in the name of the great strain," Townshend and the Who have settled into lifestyles geared to survival. *Who Are You* (MCA), their first album in three years, is an optimistic rock manifesto that brings the group back from the period of desperation Townshend suffered through on their last work, *The Who By Numbers* (MCA). "Guitar and Pen" is a blistering affirmation of the songwriter's need to get out his message while "New Song" demands listeners accept the writer as one of them. The Who may be back on the road next year, but for now they won't be touring.

"The responsibility goes deeper than just being there when the fans want to see you on stage," Townshend says in his suite at the Navarro hotel overlooking New York's Central Park. "It's a double-barreled responsibility. Our fans measure the integrity of rock by the way the Who progress. If we end up in a shitty aircrash like Lynyrd Skynyrd or go in under cocaine and sedatives like Brian Jones and Jimi Hendrix, or end up with a string of human wreckage behind us with no ideals and morals, than what the fuck has it all been for? The responsiblity I carry is to rock and roll and come out the other end as a human being."

Three years ago, Townshend's personal life was in bits. His marriage to wife Karen was in trouble and he was having highly publicized disagreements with lead singer Roger Daltrey over the direction the Who should take. To top it off, four sold-out nights at Madison Square Garden found the band running mechanically through musical motions that convinced Townshend the end was near.

"The pressures of the band were getting too great," the bearded Townshend contends, propping his English army boots up on a coffee table. "My hearing was damaged. The Who never had vacations. But you've got to stop yourself at some point and learn how to relax."

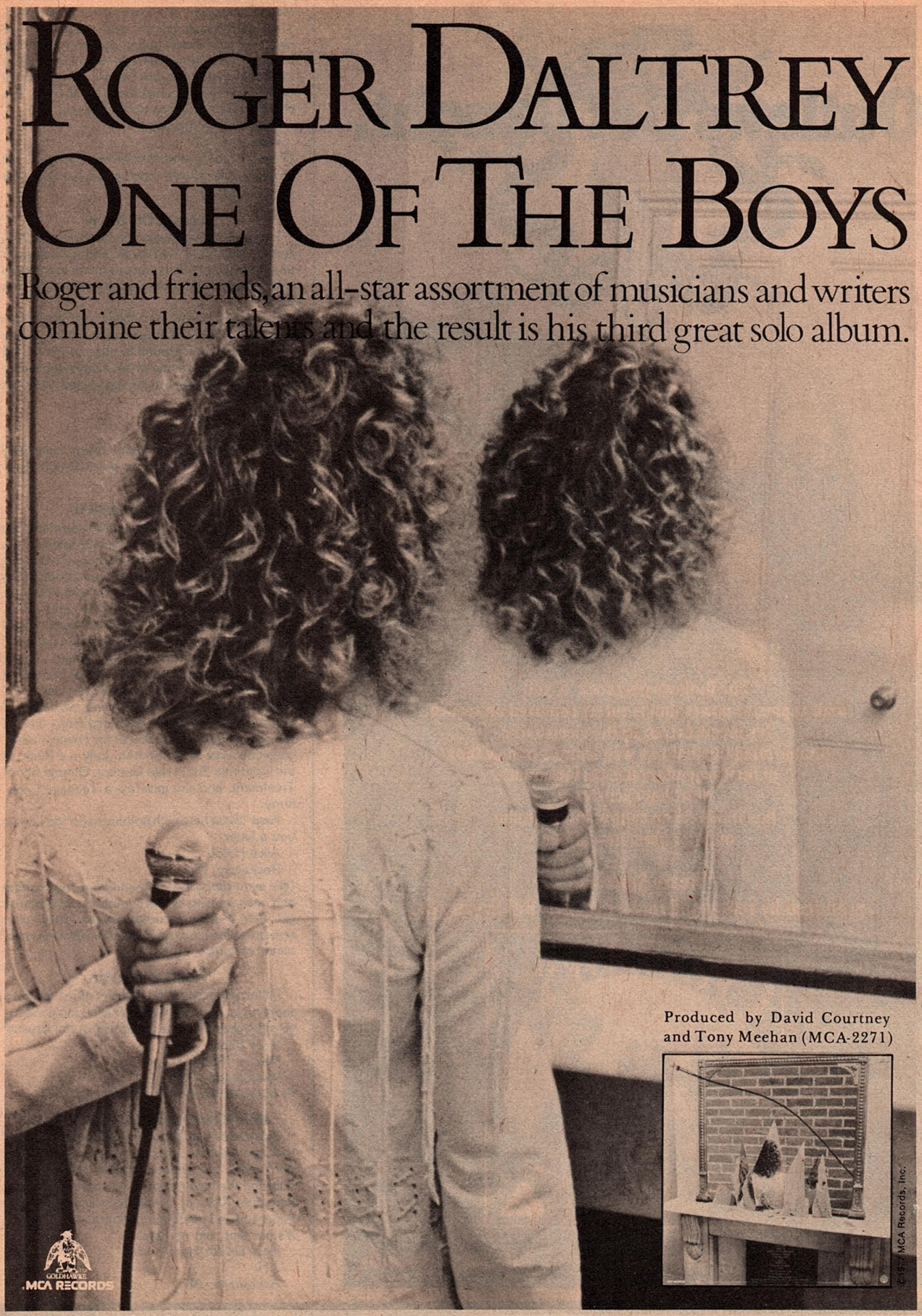
Peter wasn't the only band member on the skids, though. Drummer Keith Moon also felt the strain. After a series of mishaps on the last Who tour, he wound up in a Florida hospital with a case of exhaustion.

"The answer lies in the glass," Keith claims, leaning back on a couch across from Townshend at the Navarro suite. "I was drinking two bottles of brandy a day, champagne and wine at night. My doctor told me if I didn't stop, I'd be dead in three months. Now I'm down to a few glasses a day."

Ever since the band began as the Detours in 1963, the Who have been a high-powered unit. Of his earliest influences, Peter remembers, "Bill Haley was the first rock & roll I heard. I didn't

ROGER DALTREY
ONE OF THE BOYS

Roger and friends, an all-star assortment of musicians and writers combine their talents and the result is his third great solo album.



Produced by David Courtney
and Tony Meehan (MCA-2271)

GOLDHAWKE
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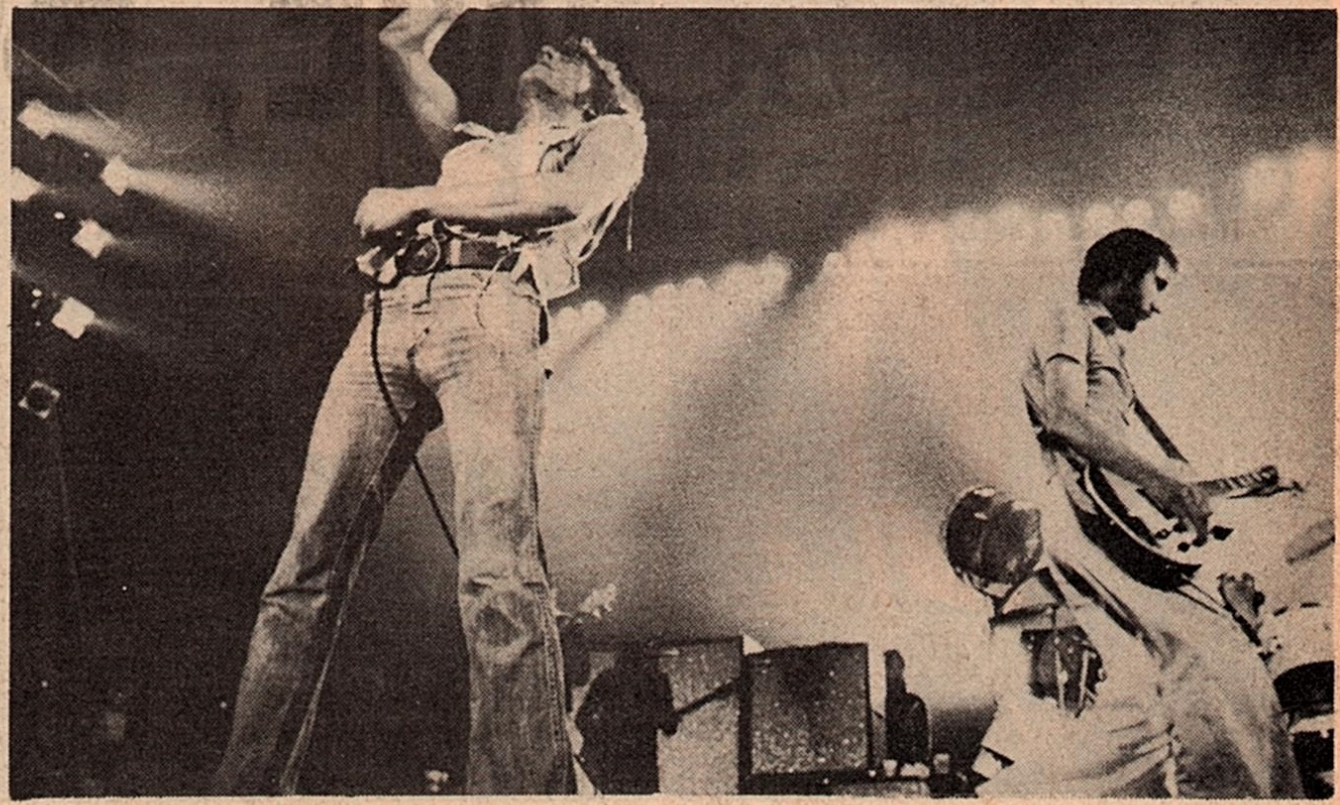
'76

WHO RETURN

The Who return to the U.S. for a one-month tour this March ... These are the dates (although by the time this reaches print, they may all be sold out...)

March 9th- Boston Gardens, Boston, Mass; 10th- Madison Square Garden, New York City; 12th- St. Paul, Minnesota, Civic Center; 13th- Dane County Memorial Coliseum, Madison Wisconsin; 15th- Myriad, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma; 16th- Tarrant County Convention Center, Fort Worth, Texas; 18th- Salt Palace, Salt Lake City; 19th- McNicholls Arena, Denver, Colorado; 21st- Anaheim Stadium, Anaheim, California; 24th- Portland Coliseum, Portland; 25th- Seattle Center Arena, Seattle; 27th & 28th- Winterland, San Francisco, California.



Michael Putland

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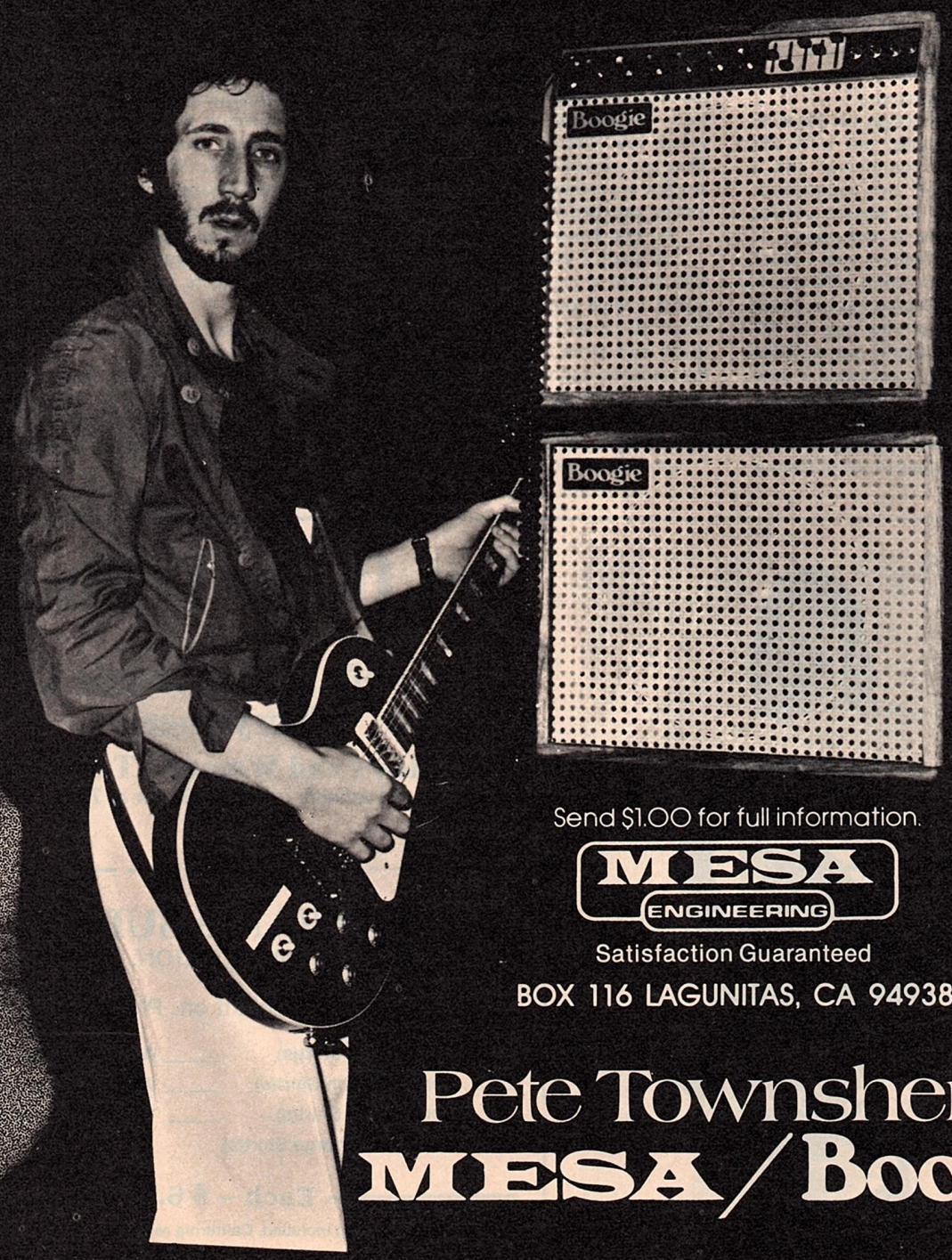

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-WHO ARE YOU-

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New From The Who

FRONT PAGES

Edited by Charles Paikert

The Who by Numbers: 1966 to 1978

The early Who: Their career is charted in the upcoming bio, 'The Kids Are Alright.'

The **Who** have finished filming their movie 'The Kids Are Alright' in England, and plan to release the film in America by Thanksgiving.

The film, according to the Who's long-time manager, Bill Curbishley, is a history of the group (Which has been together since 1966) "with several sub-themes." Among those themes are the effect the group has had on several generations of fans—ranging from those attending the Monterey Pop Festival in 1968 to present-day admirers—as well as "an investigation of the four distinctly different personalities of the group."

Rare early movie and television clips of the Who will be included, as well as a recent live concert the group gave.

The Who's latest studio album, due out by early July, will, according to Curbishley, "begin very much where 'Who's Next' left off."

And on tap for '79: a film treatment of 'Quadraphenia.'

7·78

HP instant DISCOGRAPHY

THE WHO

ALBUMS

MY GENERATION, Decca (DL 74664), 4-25-66
HAPPY JACK, Decca (LP 74892), 4-24-67
THE WHO SELL OUT, Decca (DL 74950), 12-25-67
MAGIC BUS, Decca (DL 75064), 9-30-68
TOMMY, Decca (DXSW 7205), 5-19-69
THE WHO LIVE AT LEEDS, Decca (DL 79175), 5-11-70
WHO'S NEXT, Decca (DL 79182), 8-2-71
MEATY, BEATY, BIG AND BOUNCY, Decca (DL 79184), 11-1-71
QUADROPHENIA, MCA (MCA 2-1004), 10-22-73
ODDS AND SODS, MCA (MCA 2126), 10-7-74
A QUICK ONE (HAPPY JACK)/THE WHO SELL OUT, 11-18-74
MAGIC BUS/THE WHO SING MY GENERATION, 11-18-74
THE WHO BY NUMBERS, MCA (MCA-2161), 10-6-75
WHO ARE YOU, MCA (MCA 3050) 9-78

SINGLES

I Can't Explain B/W Bald Headed Woman, 12-21-64
Anyway, Anyhow, Anywhere B/W Anytime You Want Me, Decca (45-31801), 6-7-65
My Generation B/W Out On The Street, Decca (45-31877), 11-29-65
The Kids Are Alright B/W A Legal Matter, Decca (45-31988), 7-18-66
I'm A Boy B/W In The City, Decca (45-32058), 12-19-66
Whiskey Man B/W Happy Jack, Decca (45-32114), 3-20-67
Doctor, Doctor B/W Pictures Of Lily, Decca (45-32156), 7-3-67
I Can See For Miles B/W Mary-Anne With The Shaky Hands, Decca (45-32206), 10-9-67
Call Me Lightning B/W Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde, Decca (45-32288), 3-25-68
Magic Bus B/W Someone's Coming, Decca (45-32362), 8-5-68
Pinball Wizard B/W Dogs Part II, Decca (45-32465), 3-17-69
I'm Free B/W We're Not Going To Take It, Decca (45-32519), 6-30-69
The Seeker B/W Here For More, Decca (45-32670), 4-6-70
Summertime Blues B/W Heaven And Hell, Decca (45-32708), 6-29-70
See Me, Feel Me B/W Overture From Tommy, Decca (45-32729), 9-7-70
Won't Get Fooled Again B/W I Don't Even Know Myself, Decca (45-32846), 7-5-71
My Wife B/W Behind Blue Eyes, Decca (45-32888), 10-18-71
Join Together B/W Baby, Don't You Do It, Decca (45-32983), 6-26-72
The Relay B/W Wasp Man, Decca (45-33041), 11-20-72
Love, Reign O'er Me B/W Water, (MCA 40152), 10-29-73
The Real Me B/W I'm One, (MCA 40182), 1-7-74
Postcard B/W Put The Money Down, (MCA 40330), 10-28-74
Squeeze Box B/W Success Story, (MCA 40475), 11-3-75
Slip Kid B/W Dreaming From The Waist, (MCA 40603), 8-9-76
Who Are You B/W Had Enough, (MCA 40948), 9-78□

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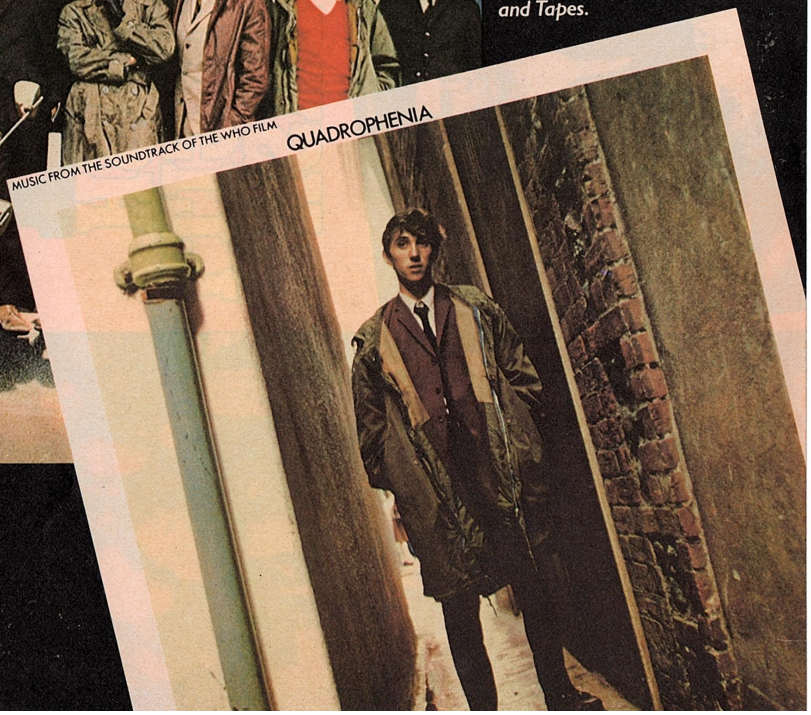

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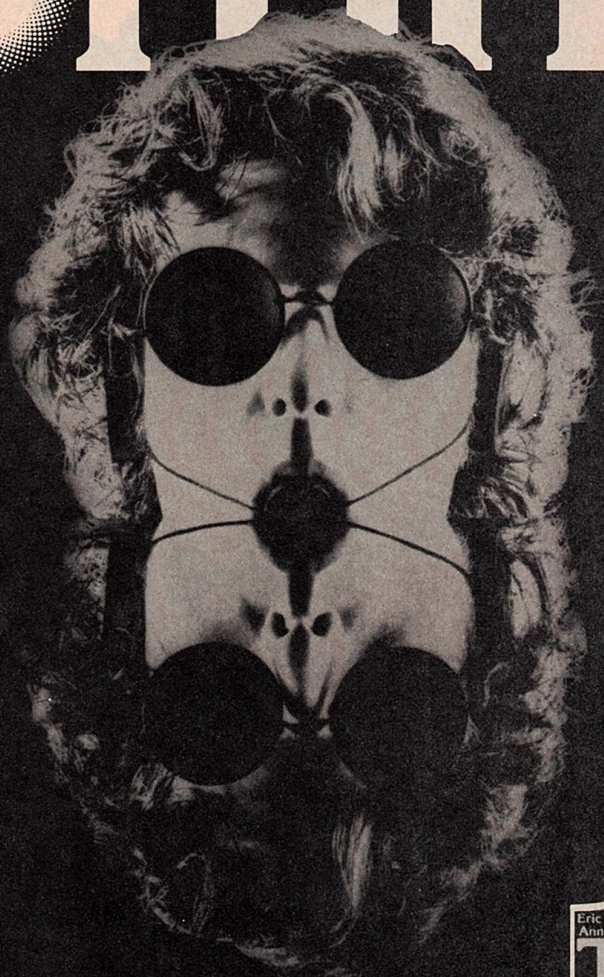
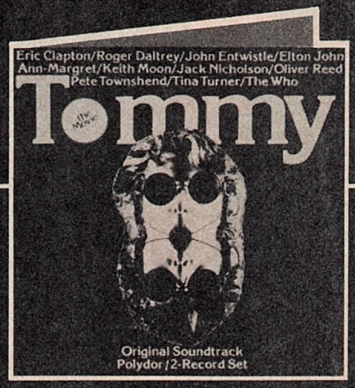
Tommy

the Movie





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3/2	Detroit, MI
3/4	Columbus, OH
3/6	Akron, OH
3/7	Boston, MA
3/8	New York, NY
3/13	Atlanta, GA
3/15	Philadelphia, PA
3/20	Chicago, IL
3/21	Indianapolis, IN
3/23	St. Louis, MO

John Entwistle's OX

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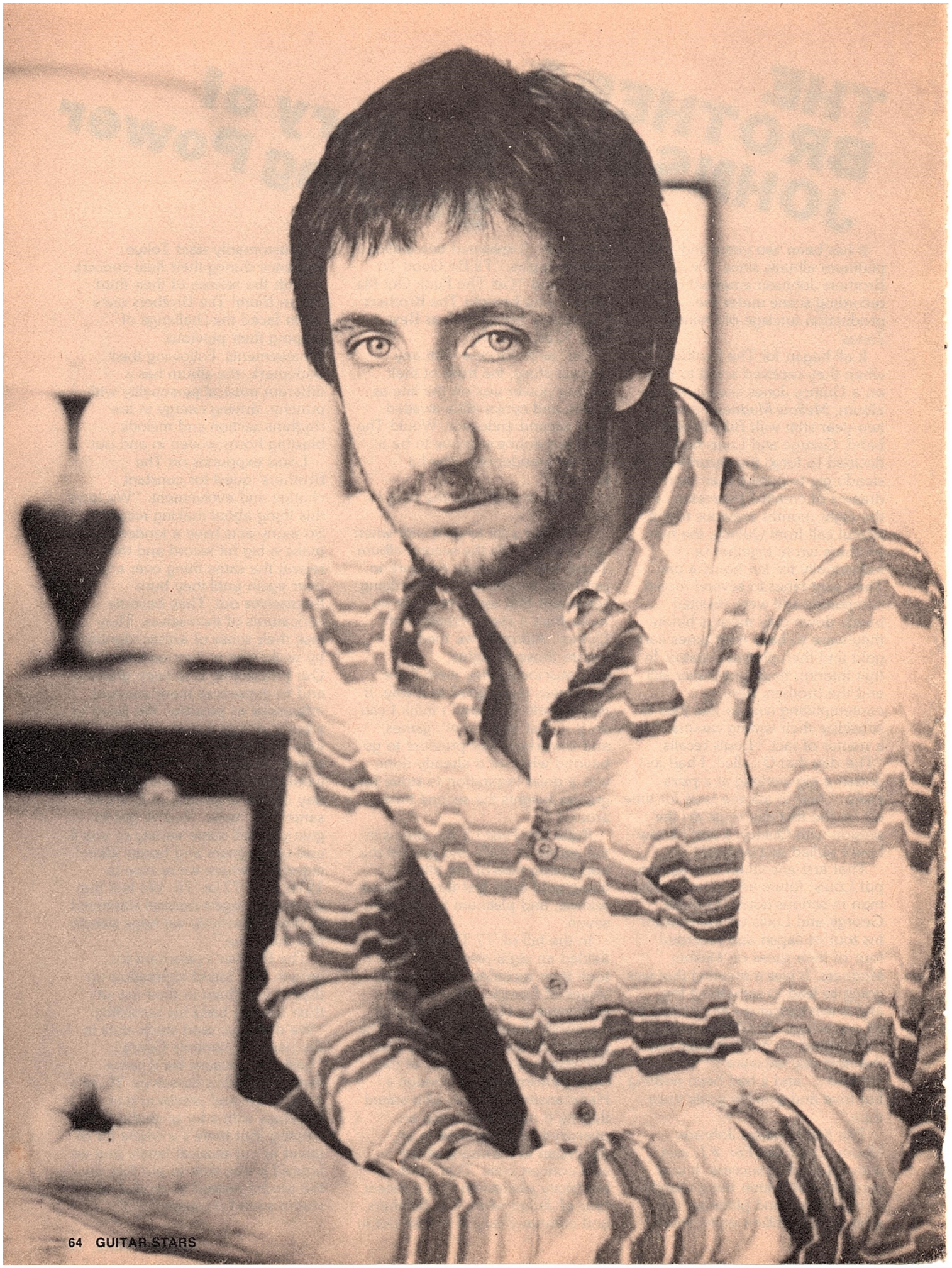


THE WHO BOUNCE BACK

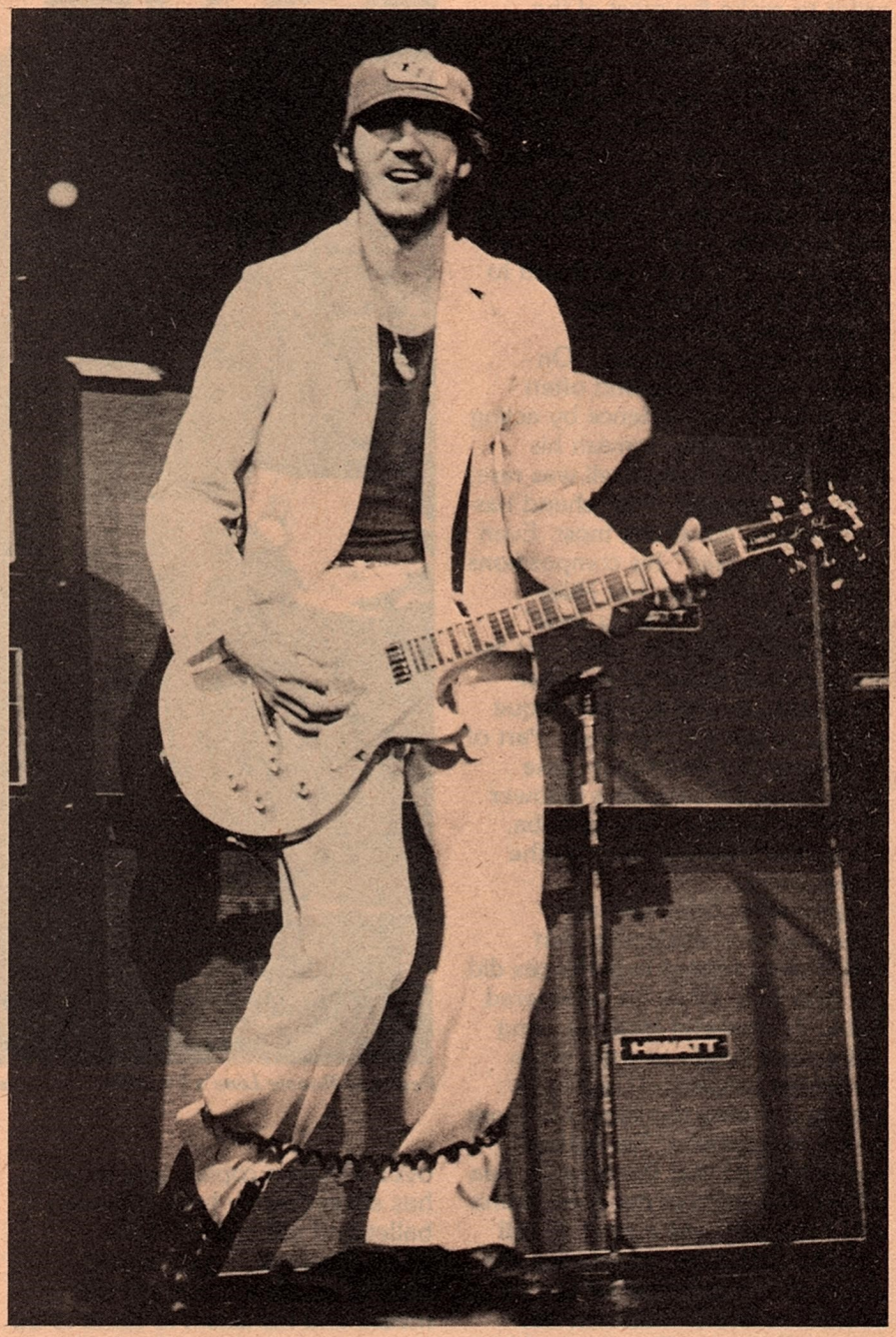
"We are more determined than ever to carry on," Townshend said after Moon's sudden passing.

In the world of Rock 'n' Roll, few bands have managed to remain intact as long as The Who. Even fewer have had their impact. Part of the reason for their success lies in their lead guitarist, songwriter and group spokesman, Pete Townshend.

In a very real sense, Townshend became more than a spokesman for a rock band when, in the late 60's, he wrote an anthem for a generation in turmoil and announced it to the world at a New York music festival. Although "My Generation" predated Woodstock by a few years, its message echoed the mood of the counter-culture, and Townshend was set aside from the bulk of the Rock crowd. There was something a bit special about him. When he composed "Tommy," he changed the shape of his musical genre forever. He showed it could be more than a series of three-chord progressions with unintelligible lyrics. It was an art form in its own right that could develop and express countless thoughts and ideas.

More than a songwriter, Townshend gradually became recognized as a fine Rock guitarist as well, but it wasn't immediately because of his talent so much as his showmanship. Recognition came later. First he became the guy who smashed his guitar at the end of a concert.

Pete Townshend was born in Cheswick, London, on May 19, 1945. His father was a band musician, but Townshend once said in an interview that his family didn't really influence him musically. He worked briefly with Who-bassist John Entwhistle in a Dixieland jazz band while in his early teens. Instead of guitar,



Townshend played the banjo in this early venture. When The Who got together, Townshend made up for what he considered his lack of skill on the guitar by leaping across the stage and smashing it.

The guitar act began early in the history of The Who, and it occured

by Steve Bedney

PETE TOWNSHEND CARRIES ON

the first time by accident. According to an interview Townshend once did for *Rolling Stone*, the band had a weekly gig in a London club, and one week during the show his guitar hit the ceiling and broke while Townshend was jumping around. In order to make the most of the situation, he proceeded to smash the instrument to bits and pounce on it. The story quickly spread, and the guitar smashing routine was incorporated into the show until 1968, when Townshend ended a show at the Fillmore West with his guitar intact.

Even so, the band continued to end shows by kicking over instruments and amplifiers, although not consistently. On recent tours, Townshend often would tease the audience by acting as though he would smash his guitar, but the event itself was rare.

As a songwriter, Townshend has long been a cut above most. Even before "Tommy," his compositions such as "I Can See For Miles", "Substitute" or "Happy Jack" built a following that, while not as great as that garnered by other musicians, recognized the unique insight he put into his work. Part of the reason for his insight came later, when he became a follower of the teachings of Meher Baba, but its roots were evident in the earlier songs.

Spiritually, Baba offered Townshend a satisfaction that earlier drug related experiences did not give him. Once he discovered Baba, Townshend stopped using drugs, and began to write more ambitious projects. "Tommy" emerged during this time. On more than one occasion, Townshend has explained that the original idea behind the story of the deaf, dumb and blind boy was a rock 'n' roll concept that since his senses were impaired, he would react to sensations within music. In this sense, it was that Tommy could only feel things, and the feelings he experienced became musical vibrations to him. In the original "Tommy" concept, Townshend explained that the boy was a dreamer, a seeker, and not deaf, dumb and blind. That idea came later.

"Tommy" was to become one of the biggest rock successes of all time. The originals record sold well over a million copies, and there has subsequently been a movie, a ballet and other dramatic interpretations. It also earned Townshend the respect of the media and his fans. He came to be known as a genius in the field even though when it was over he noted a feeling that since The Who were so hit concious at the time of "Tommy" (he once wrote in a story for *Rolling Stone* "albums were what you got for Christmas, singles were what you bought for prestige")

Townshend the songwriter excelled following "Tommy". The Who released a live album in 1970 (*Live At Leeds*), and followed with what has come to be known as their definitive work, *Who's Next*. The songs on it are among Townshend's best. "Behind Blue Eyes" has become one of Rock's greatest classics, as well as one of the best live songs any band does in a concert.

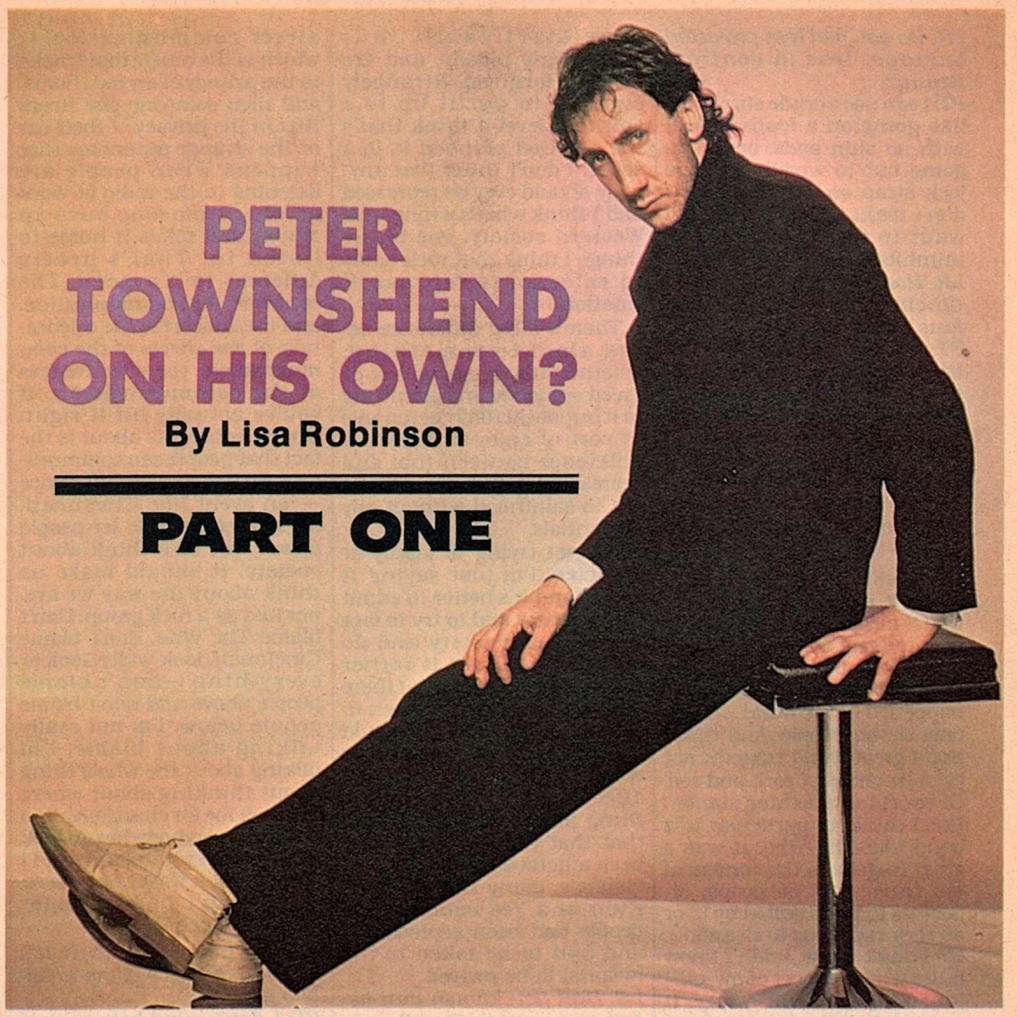
Townshend the guitarist was also growing during this period. The early routine of flying about the stage and accentuating chords with large circular strokes was still a part of his stage act, but guitar soloing was becoming more and more important. He was developing into one of Rock's best

Pete and Ronnie Lane's* Final Mix *was a new outlet.

PETER TOWNSHEND ON HIS OWN?

By Lisa Robinson

PART ONE



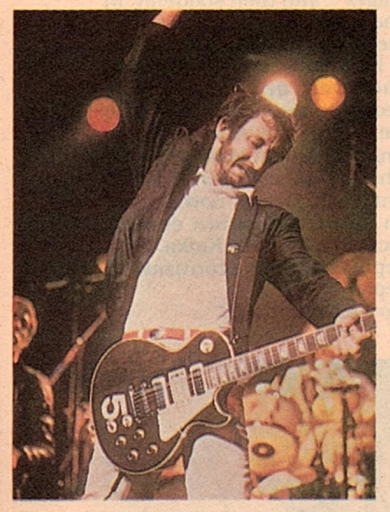
"I don't think that I would ever be able to do a monster album in the way that The Who can do a monster album, but I feel that nothing got in the way of what I was trying to do, what I was trying to say."

London: Peter Townshend is clean-shaven these days, has a real twinkle in his eye, and still has that never-ending capacity to say the right thing. He sits with me in the kitchen of a London recording studio where The Who are recording their next album, and talks to me about his own, smashingly successful lp, *Empty Glass.*

"I'm pleased with the album," he starts out, "I'm pleased with the fact that the words seem to work, and the music seems to be good, and it's a well-produced album. I like it. And it's doing better than I expected, actually. I don't think that I would ever be able to do a monster album in the way that The Who can do a monster album, but I feel that nothing got in the way of what I was trying to do, what I was trying to say. I really learned a hell of a lot from it, and I'm looking forward to the next."

*****

LR: Did it cause any problems with the band?
PT: In a way, it helped. Because it cleared my head and allowed me to realize that writing is not something you should do with any kind of a hat on. I learned that I was able to deliver a song, vocally, which was weird for me. For, everyone's got some kind of voice, but even if you've got no real voice, you can reveal yourself through it ... but to find that I could actually use my voice as a channel, that was a good feeling. And that helped me as a writer, because now, even if I want to do a demo for The Who, I do it more effectively, because I'm really singing it instead of just knocking the lyric off in one take. Now I'm taking it much further, and then Roger's delivery takes it further still.



"I suppose I expected *Watergate,"* said Peter, talking about Cincinnati. "I expected the most incredible, devasting ... I thought that's it, we're finished. We can expect to go but we're finished."

LR: Do you think in terms of keeping some songs for your own solo albums now, and giving others to The Who?
PT: It's very difficult not to lie to yourself, or to others about this, but I do feel at the moment that I'm going step by step, and taking whatever is there and dishing it in. In other words, if I've written a song, to date, then The Who are getting it. But I suppose that in the back of my mind, I *could* be saving things and just not writing them. I don't really know. Maybe I'm fooling myself, and everybody else, but I don't think so."

"At the moment, what I'm tending to do is live very much from album to album, from show to show, or from day to day, which is what I've always wanted to do. It's been my life's ambition to do that, because I think that's what life should really be about, and I really hope I can live the rest of my life like that — from day to day, because I think it's great to be able to do that."

LR: How have you been able to do this?
PT: I'm not saying I've found any kind of secret, but I think I've escaped the spiral which affects so many people. The only way to escape the downward spiral is to jump off and say that wherever you jump off is the right place to be.

LR: Few men in rock and roll have had the ability to come to terms with the different sides of their personalities, as you did in the song "I Am An Animal" on the solo lp.

PT: I just looked at myself in a mirror. Ha-ha. And said, 'I am an exhibitionist'. I don't care what people think, I suppose, I don't care. No, I do care, desperately what they think. I mean, I care that they know, but I don't care what their reaction is.

LR: A few months ago you told me that you thought the stage was a sacred place...

PT: The sacred quality of it isn't necessarily because it's a platform, I think the stage is a sort of important bastion, it has to remain sacred, but I don't know that I'd be so cavalier anymore about protecting its sanctity. I mean, Johnny Rotten makes a point of bringing anybody up who wants to come up, and yet he can do it because he, in a sense, has got his own theater which spreads five feet around his person wherever he goes. So he doesn't necessarily need the stage, he's a walking theater. I'm not like that. On a stage I've got a particular thing that happens to me, and they're two very different things. There's a kind of schizophrenia that surrounds that, and so I feel more vulnerable on the stage than I do off. I would never dream of hitting anybody with a guitar in the dressing room, or on the street, or hitting anybody period. Why is it that I should hit somebody when they walk on the stage, and I've done it dozens of times? I can't explain it.

LR: Do you feel less protected onstage, less in control? Really?
PT: I can use a crude simile. It's like going on a football field with no shin pads, or a man going out to wrestle with no jock strap on. It's like that. I don't *want* to feel in control, I want to feel abandoned — uninhibited, and lost, ha-ha.
LR: How did the situation in Cincinnati, with the eleven fans dead, affect you?
PT: It's difficult, because I've tried to analyze what I think I should say. Should I say what I think people want me to say?
LR: What's that?
PT: Well, I think they want me to say that I feel terrible.
LR: Do you think people expect you to take responsibility...
PT: Most people are idiots when it comes to things like that. I mean, they have no idea how to react faced with something like that. It's not the greatest tragedy that's ever happened in the world ... it was only eleven people. And that's not a great world tragedy, not even in terms of rock and roll. Or sports, or anything similar. But I think, in particular to a band like The Who, it was a great tragedy in the context of our career, but do people expect us to be flattened by it, or do they expect us to rise above it? I don't know. I don't know quite what I expect of myself. I just know that in a way, it really did teach me a lot about the American people. When I saw the stuff on TV, and the news, I saw it exploited, although it was quite gently exploited — even on stations where they'd shown clips of us smashing guitars — it wasn't like a nail driven in.

I suppose I expected *Watergate.* I expected the most incredible, devastating ... I thought that's it, we're finished. We can expect to go on but we're finished. You know, wherever we go this thing is going to pursue us, and what was really strange was to find that people were willing to let it go, and to support us. It's very difficult to realize how big the world is, that New York and London are not the center of the universe. That sort of thing never would have happened in New York or London ... I think that somewhere like Cincinnati, suddenly a rock concert, and not necessarily The Who's concert only, but a rock concert becomes *the* time when people go out to let loose. And I suppose that's one of the reasons I like bigger cities, I like the fact that the harder emotions, the harsher, the more jagged events happen more spontaneously and with less provocation. They don't need provocation. Like an Irish fist fight, they start easily, but particularly bloody, and are quickly forgiven. Strangely enough, to put it up to a spiritual level, I think that's the way God *planned* it, in a sense. I don't think that anybody should ever be repressed and I think what's wrong with Western society, one of the things I think that rock tends to release, is repressed emotion.

There's a big difference being aloof to something, whether it's drugs or sex or greed or money, and admitting to it but not actually being able to sort of enjoy it, there's a difference between that and repressing it, as it were. Aspiring to sainthood without any credentials.

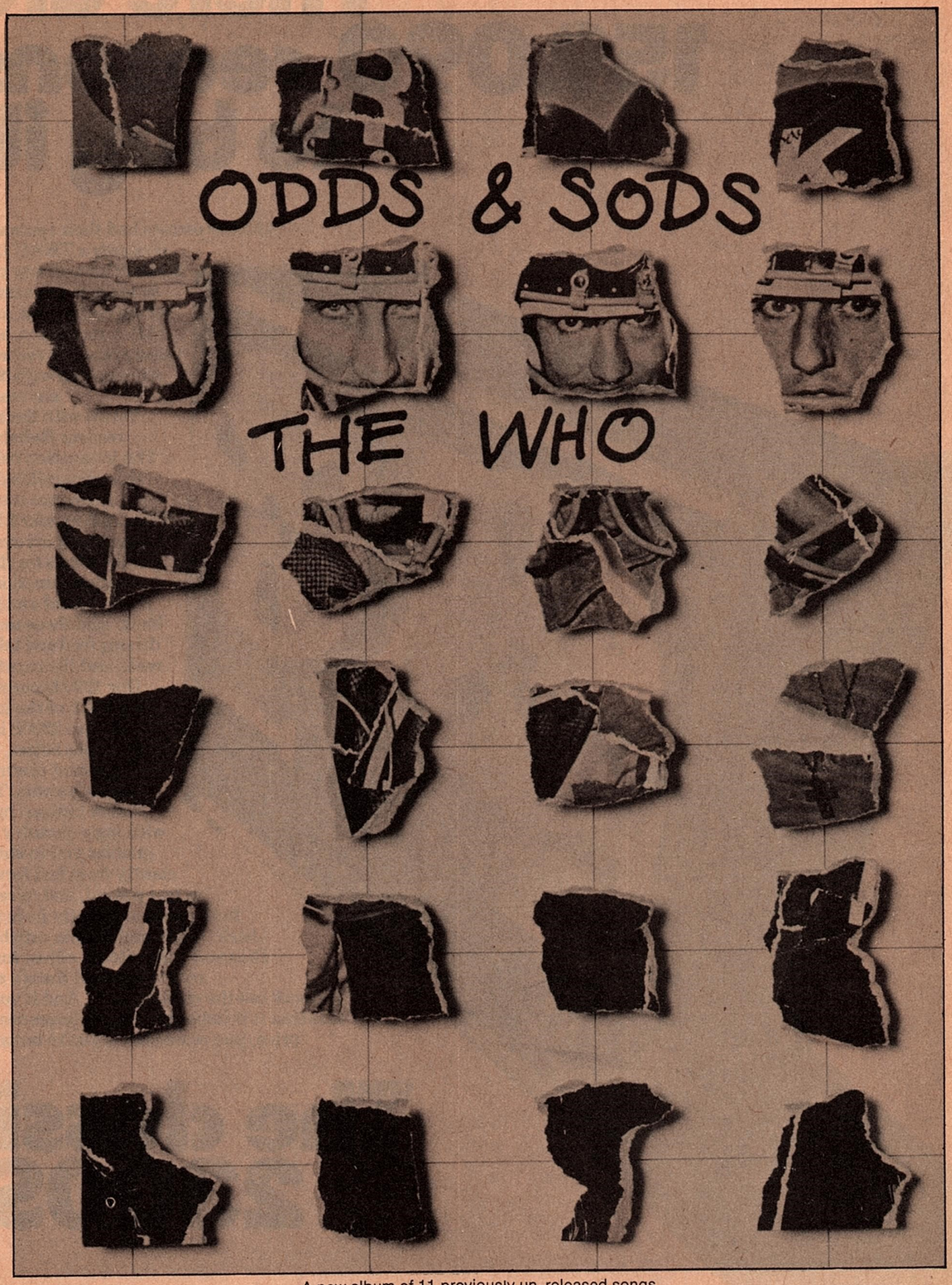
I'm not trying to justify or criticize. I'm just saying it exists, and it's better to admit that it exists and to try to face up to it and to try and do something about it rather than pretend that it isn't there and say it wouldn't happen in Omaha, Nebraska, or it would happen in Gloucestershire, or when the bomb drops it won't affect us here. The strange thing about Cincinnati was that that particular hall had been a hotbed of eruptions, or violence, many times before. Even at a Yes concert, two people had been asphyxiated and had to be taken to the hospital to be revived.
LR: Had you known that before you went in there?
PT: No. After the information had been assembled, we found out, we investigated what was actually happening at the doors. They've always used the same method to let people in, and the hall was understaffed, and because it's a city hall or a state hall, or something like that, the promoters were responsible for the selling of the tickets, but the hall, or the county, or something, was responsible for the checking of tickets, and they just put *two* people on it. And they make a fortune every time a rock band comes in. It's not to blame them...
LR: Do you think it's important for a band who makes music and entertains people to have a control over these kinds of situations?
PT: I don't know, really, whether it's important for a band to do that. A band just has to fit in, in a way, with whatever is there. Not to simplify it, or glamorize it, or to demean it, but we are a traveling show. We're in and out very quickly, we rely tremendously on the people we're surrounded with, the people who work for us. I mean, what are we supposed to do, go in there a year ahead and check it out?

You know, the thing about rock and roll is, that there is direct communication — which is the music that I make in the privacy of my own home, and then someone else hears that in the privacy of their car or the strange autonomy that happens when people are listening to the radio at work or when someone buys an album and takes it home to listen to. That's pretty different to a concert. The record is the communication, and the concert is the celebration of the effects of the communication, the effectiveness of the communication. If you've actually hit it right, what a concert is about is the fact that people can communicate. So there's a big difference — an event like Cincinnati, doesn't necessarily let people down. But let's think about society, it should make us think about the way we are, not just as a rock group. Don't blame The Who, don't blame Cincinnati, look wider, look at everything —don't blame people above and don't blame people below. I'm not really talking about blame, I'm talking about the whole thing about thinking about where you look for for change. And in a sense, everybody has to look at their own philosophy, and I don't point a finger anywhere, and I won't have a finger pointed, that's it.
LR: Do you think that it's something that's going to follow you?
PT: I don't mind being asked about it. It happened. You see, I take great-strength in terms of being free to talk about it and the fact that three or four of the families of the people who died wrote me letters and I communicate with them, so I know how they feel and I gained strength from them. It's not just flippancy when I say I changed my attitude, or we changed our attitude, but we got, in a sense, an added feeling of what America is about, why it's such a great country.

Because people put human value above everything else. And it's not disguised in a spiritual value the way China and Japan have an innate greatness, it's not great in the way that Russia is great, that's hidden in politics and direction, it's just to do with people. It's about caring for and about people. And for me, not saying I'm a total humanist necessarily, I think purpose and direction and spirituality is necessary, but I think they all need to be fully considered. To me, America is a distillation of all these, in a way that is only mirrored by a complete Europe. What Cincinnati did for the whole band was that it really taught us a hell of a lot about America. I suppose that we've looked at it as a place to do and rock and roll, with intelligent people to talk to, a capitalist society who paid our wages ... and then suddenly, in the midst of a crisis, we realized that they also had hearts.

In other words, they fire up, they were angry, they were recriminatory, but they also were forgiving. And willing to analyze. And at least we had a chance to answer. I get a chance to answer now. I'm not in some detention center, locked up, it's not Kafka. I can reply, and I can continue to reply.
To be continued.□

Lynn Goldsmith



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